



# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXXVIII  
No. 2445

and BYSTANDER

London  
May 19, 1943

## JAEGER

*of London  
styling with fine wools*

*Meet me in*  
**FORTNUM'S**  
RESTAURANT

FORTNUM & MASON LIMITED, PICCADILLY

### McVITIE & PRICE

*Biscuits of Highest Quality*

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

*Men who know wear  
Drescott Clothes*

IT'S GOOD TO SEE ---  
**'TANZARO'**  
FRUIT SQUASH  
AGAIN —

**J&B**

*But it's better to taste it*

JEWSBURY & BROWN LTD • MANCHESTER

## HIGHLAND QUEEN



*Grand Liqueur*  
SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD  
LEITH - SCOTLAND

*For  
sweet breath  
& pearly Teeth*

**Euthymol**  
TOOTH PASTE  
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

# CAR & GENERAL

INSURANCE  
CORPORATION, LTD.

83 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

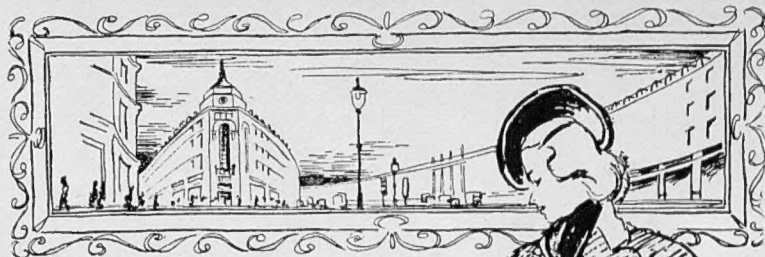


*Cut for slimming*



A distinctive and most becoming coat for the full-figured woman. Fine black woollen material with a full-cut skirt and detachable piqué collar; fully lined. 18 coupons. £21 : 19 : 4

**JENNERS**  
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH  
LIMITED



The new, full-skirted, tight-waisted coat is included in the Aquascutum collection as well as the full, swing-back swagger . . . Tweeds or camel fleece in ready-to-wear or made-to-measure models.

*Clothes for the  
Open Air  
Aquascutum*

100 Regent Street 100

Aquascutum Clothes are also available in your town.



*Printed Melody*

. . . keyed for every moment of the day, for work or play . . . the most captivating dresses ever, are now being displayed on the Second Floor . . .



**Swan & Edgar**

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus,

London, W.1.

Regent 1616

THE  
**TATLER**  
and BYSTANDER

LONDON  
MAY 19, 1948

Two Shillings  
Vol. CLXXXVIII. No. 2445



Hay Wrightson

**LADY DECIES** is the attractive wife of Lord Decies whom she married in 1945. She was formerly Mrs. Diana Galsworthy and is the daughter of Wing Commander Turner Cain. Lord Decies, who is the sixth baron, succeeded his father in 1944. He served during the war as a Flying Officer, R.A.F.V.R., and was awarded the United States D.F.C. Lord and Lady Decies live at Kinnitty Castle, Co. Kildare and breed bloodstock on their modernized stud farm. Lord Decies also trains several racehorses of his own





## Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

FASHIONS in women's faces seem to change just as surely as the fashions in waist-lines, petticoats, finger-nails, corsets, flounces and furbelows.

This trite reflection has been provoked not by contemplation of the platinum-blond beauty whose portrait (in triplicate) appears to be the Royal Academy's "picture of the year," nor by the sight of that eminent connoisseur of womanly beauty Mr. Cecil Beaton at the Covent Garden ballet, but by a faded portrait of a seventeenth-century lady attributed to Sir Peter Lely.

Was this once beauty?

This peaked and liverish woman with little eyes? Did Charles II succumb to this type (all Lelys look alike to me) and not to a Nell Gwynn rather more in the style, say, of Miss Paulette Goddard?

Not so many years ago it was the fashion to be deeply moved by Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre. The most surprising things were discerned in that face.

I once took an American woman to call on the gregarious wit, Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, at his Ely Place home in Dublin. He had some early Gerald Brockhursts—the canvases of which had, incidentally, been badly slashed during the "troubles" in Galway.

The American gazed reverently at the Brockhursts: "He has the colouring of a Leonardo, he seems able to give his models that wonderful enigmatic smile of the 'Mona Lisa.'"

"Enigmatic smile, my foot!" said Dr. Gogarty, who, in between talking, found time to be a leading Dublin nose and throat specialist. "All that is wrong with the 'Mona Lisa' is that she has a very badly fitting pair of false teeth." And, I might add, a smug and sour and sly look to my way of thinking.

UNTIL recent years it has been the fashionable portrait painters who have been largely responsible for the changing fashions in face. There is a line, by the way, in *Hamlet*, which by a slight twist can be made to read: "I have heard of your paintings. God has given them one face and you make them another."

Gerald Brockhurst set a fashion of his own between the wars. How much he asks now in New York, where he settled during the war, I do not know, but in London he could command a thousand guineas a face.

Then came the fashionable photographers and the cameramen of Hollywood with their passion for dolly-faces.

It is a fascinating experience to page through an American film-fan magazine filled with the vacuous faces of both Hollywood's elect and Hollywood's starlets: every face on the same model, with the same smile and the same lack of expression. So vivid is the cumulative effect that one feels able to prophesy just what they would talk about in their strange little voices.

Mr. Cecil Beaton came into the limelight in the 'twenties when excessively short skirts, smoking through long cigarette-holders and the wearing of Eton crops demanded a streamlined face—a face from which all emotion had been polished away.

What a contrast to the beauties of twenty years before!

It would have been interesting to see what a modern photographer could have made of Miss Marie Studholme, still described by Edwardians as possessor of a face of ravishing beauty, but which might seem to modern eyes a little too full-blown, toothy and gushing.

YET the faces of those Edwardian "post-card beauties" suggest even to-day a gaiety and feeling for life that may yet come back into fashion.

Miss Tallulah Bankhead had much to answer for in setting a fashion for the sulky face some twenty years ago. So, too, has some fellow American who, given the task of glamourizing a Miss Veronica Lake, inspired hundreds of thousands of innocent women to drape their hair in a cock-eyed fashion half across their faces.

What is the fashion to-day? I should say that we are still in the thrall of the "cool beauty," of the type set by the Marquise de Casa Maury (once known as "the Gelli-brand"), Mrs. Dudley Ward and Lady Diana Duff Cooper.

All three of these sat many times for Cecil Beaton from his earliest period as a photographer.

Who still reads Austin Dobson's poetry? I came on "The Ladies of St. James's" last week, and some of the best-known lines provoked an odd thought.

"The ladies of St. James's  
They're painted to the eyes  
Their white it stays for ever,  
Their red it never dies.  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida  
Her colour comes and goes  
It trembles to a lily—  
It wavers to a rose.

That was of the ladies of long ago. The ladies of St. James's to-day are mostly ladies employed in the Ministry of Labour or some similar department, and don't even tremble when they set out to assist in the drinking under the table of Soviet commissars (vide Mr. Harold Wilson).

SO often there is an amusing tale behind the award of decorations. Andre Maurois's story of two bright young English officers who protested (just to stir up some fun) against vaccination in the first World War, and were rewarded with the M.C., is an all too typical army story. On the home front, there was until recently a man living whose title was awarded in mistake for another man of the same name, but as he was a substantial citizen he was allowed to keep it—and thus save the face of the authorities.

The late Leon M. Lion has lifted the curtain on another sort of story.

He tells it in a posthumous autobiography\* (he died last year) dealing with his fifty years as actor and manager. In 1928 he accepted an invitation by the French Government to take over a selection of Galsworthy plays to the Odeon. His account of the chaotic conditions in that ancient playhouse, of the rows with the French *controleur* and the pretty speeches they made to each other at the official reception, is fascinating to the connoisseur of the French gift for creating chaos.

At the reception M. Herriot announced that the Government intended to bestow on Lion the Legion of Honour. And more appropriate speeches were made.

A few weeks later he received a letter from the Quai d'Orsay saying that they had duly made application to the Foreign Office in London to make this award and been refused.

\* *The Surprise of My Life* (Hutchinson, 21s.).





no reason being given. The playwright Alfred Sutro volunteered to find out the reason for the ban. He discovered that the two Governments were still engaged in a post-war row over the whole business of decorations. In 1919, it appeared, the French Government had been the soul of generosity in awarding medals and orders to all and sundry, assuming that the British would be equally lavish. This must have been at the moment when the Government was in some embarrassment over the request by Canada that no more titles be given to Canadian citizens, and the result was that the Quai d'Orsay was soon accusing Downing Street of parsimony.

A rule was made in London that awards to Britons should be discouraged unless it could be proved that the services rendered were equally of value to Britain. Alfred Sutro argued that a man who brought over to Paris a selection of the plays of one of the greatest living English dramatists surely performed a service to his country.

So the Foreign Office finally relented: "... in the event of the French authorities renewing their request for our consent to the bestowal of the Legion of Honour upon Mr. Lion, the additional particulars furnished will enable us to return a favourable reply."

Finally there came a letter from M. Berthelot at the Quai d'Orsay saying that he was happy to announce that the decoration of "Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur" had been awarded to Monsieur Leon MacLion.

He assumed that the French had been tolerant and patient in their attitude because of their admiration for the Scots—actually Leon M. Lion was of French-Jewish ancestry.

**I**N this same volume of the theatre there is a rich collection of stories told of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. None of them, I think, are new but they remind one that Tree reached such a position as wit and *raconteur* that people who thought of something bright would pin it on him, and thus enhance its quality.

(Two or three of the stories confirm how well Arnold Bennett satirized Tree in his portrait of the actor-manager Sir John Pilgrim in the novel *The Regent*.)

I doubt if Tree ever expressed a thought more neatly than in an inscription he wrote in a book he gave to a friend of mine: "a gentleman is one whose courtesy is not measured by his own interests."

**T**HE public prints are full of impressions by visitors to this little island.

One waits with impatience the flattery of the lovely Miss — and the obviously ill-informed, prejudiced and malicious criticism of Mr. —. It all has the quality of an old film that one has seen and heard before, and which gives the assurance that things change little on the island in this world of far too violent and rapid change.

Little I have heard recently is so enlightening as the observation which Mr. Henry Horne once reported as made by the late M. Aristide Briand.

Nothing more French than Briand ever landed here (his only flaw being, perhaps, that he once was pictured playing golf with Lloyd George—thus ruining his political career).

What did he think of England?

"My tour through your country has been so enlightening," he said. "One had heard that the English were so cold, cold. Not at all! Everywhere I went on my tour by car I saw a sign—so frank, indeed romantic—'bed and breakfast' . . . 'bed and breakfast' . . . 'bed and breakfast.'"

Whether or not Briand was the first to make this little joke, I don't know; but it is truly Gallic.

## ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

### ALLAN DE MANDEVILLE

Allan de Mandeville Fitzjames ffoulk-ffouch Couldn't pronounce his surname—nor can you.

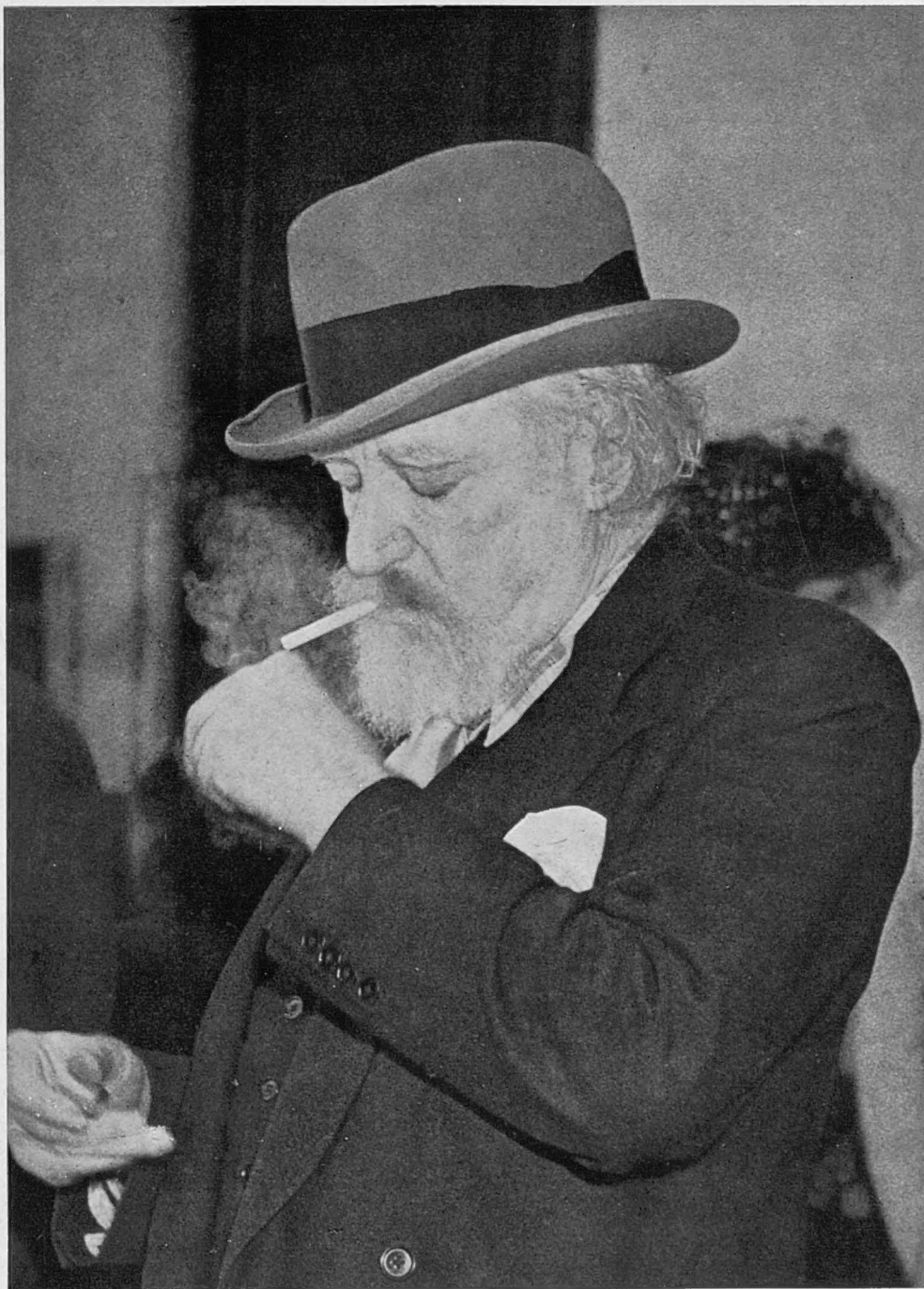
A double orphan at the age of one,  
No one survived to show how it was done  
Since all his kin had been devoid of kith.  
Six times he failed to change his name to Smith  
Because, when the officials asked from what  
Although he tried to tell them, he could not  
And merely made a vague asthmatic noise  
Which didn't satisfy the deed-poll boys.

This disadvantage blasted his whole life:  
Lonely and single—for of course no wife  
Would share a name that one does not repeat—  
He turned to work. There, too, he met defeat:  
Not even low-grade industries employ  
Types who're addressed exclusively as "Hoi!"  
In squalor, hence, and at an early age  
He died,—from forebears who were too up-  
stage;

A striking story for the proof it brings  
Of Darwin and heredity and things.

Immoral: Support the R.S.P.C.C.

—Justin Richardson



**AUGUSTUS JOHN** not only reaffirms his mastery but reveals a spirit of adventure in his exhibition opened at the Leicester Galleries recently. Among the thirty-six paintings are several important portraits which include "Caspar John," "W. B. Yeats" and "Vivien" and some interesting landscapes, particularly "China Clay Pyramids," and "L'hermitage Martigues." The main work of the exhibition is a large canvas called "Fresh Herring" which is a panel of fishing girls against the background of a small port—a picture holding all the magic for which this great artist is famous





The King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh at the world premiere of "Hamlet" (reviewed overleaf) at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Princess Margaret is talking to the Earl of Hopetoun

## THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE "HAMLET" PREMIERE



Mr. Herbert Morrison talks to Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, here from the United States



Mr. John Strachey, one of a number of Cabinet Ministers present, with Mrs. Strachey



Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Minister, and Mrs. Bevin, were also among the audience. On their left is Mrs. Davis



John Mills, the film actor, with his wife (Mary Hayley Bell) and their small daughter Juliette



Eileen Hertie who plays Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, in the film



Jean Simmons, whose interpretation of Ophelia has been greatly praised



Googie Withers and her husband, John McCallum, were two more film personalities present



Anthony Cookman

with Tom Titt

## At the Theatre

"Bob's Your Uncle"  
(Saville)

IT would be ridiculous to do badly in 1948 what had already been done superlatively well in 1819. In describing Munden, Lamb, with prophetic eye, described Mr. Leslie Henson.

"When you think that he has exhausted his battery of looks, in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. . . . He, and he alone, literally makes faces: applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces. . . ."

IN the course of this musical farce Mr. Henson dips and dips again from a wardrobe which he seems to have restocked with all the faces of his fancy-free youth. Only once he dips in vain; and then Munden himself would surely have been at a loss. It is at the climax of his heroic attempts to recover from an appalling "hangover." He has called for fresh eggs, Worcester sauce, brandy, cayenne and what-not. The waiter, carefully following Mr. Henson's man-of-the-world instruction, has brewed the life-saver and, again on instruction, has himself drunk it.

Mr. Henson pronounces himself to be decidedly better, but seeing two Seidlitz powders laid out on the arm of his chair, he eats them dry. Neither package exhausts his battery of looks; but absent-mindedly swallowing a glass of water, he realizes that he is about to explode. The face he fetches out of the wardrobe is scarcely up to this moment of comic grandeur. Nature has surprisingly overlooked his need.

She fails him nowhere else. He conducts an extremely dignified dance with Miss Vera Pearce, explaining

more by facial expression than words what an undesirable husband he would make her, and again using few words he passes through the orthodox stages of drunkenness into swinish oblivion. It is a pleasure to watch him. These are the highlights of Mr. Henson's playing, but even in the to-and-fro of rather old-fashioned dialogue he reserves all his old power of announcing a comic intention and making it even funnier in performance than we had expected it would be. His come-back, in short, is triumphant.

Even so, the evening is something more than a one-man entertainment. Mr. Austin Melford tells a preposterous little tale of mercenary would-be wives and foolish rich men with a discerning lightness, and himself contributes a pleasant bit of low comedy as an obliging night porter with an eye to the main chance, and a somewhat disconcerting vagueness as to which guest is occupying which bedroom. The tale is presented with genuine gaiety, and the incidental ballets are charmingly done.

MISS VERA PEARCE, so light of foot, so overwhelming in collision, partners Mr. Henson with enormous zest and effectiveness. The bride who does not know that she should have married her very rich young man and is indeed in some doubt as to whether she is married at all is Miss Valerie Tandy. She is a decided acquisition to our light musical stage, so firm in comic attack and so clear in vocal enunciation. Mr. Frank Eyton's lyrics, though none reaches distinction, have the constant merit of trying for some definite effect. Mr. Gordon Humphris is another young actor whose playing of the foolish bridegroom proclaims him a comedian.



Mrs. Edgoose (Vera Pearce) and her suitor Godfrey Fogg (Alec Finter) who is continually rejected because he makes that vulgar article "Fogg's Fertilizer"



"Walking out with a girl like you": Dick Allan (Hamish Menzies) finds out when almost too late that Sheila Popejoy (Sheila Douglas-Pennant) is a very nice girl



Mandeville, the night porter (Austin Melford) does his best to help Mr. Popejoy (Leslie Henson) with his scheme to put Hector Philpot (Gordon Humphris) under the table, with sensational success



"If you could only love me a little bit more" croons Mrs. Edgoose to Mr. Popejoy as she jockeys him reluctantly into a gavotte



June Edgoose (Valerie Tandy) the somewhat unenthusiastic bride of a heavily gilded goose



Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations  
by Hoffnung]

# At The Pictures

## Sweet Prince

SHAKESPEARE on the screen is no longer a matter for much controversy, but may be still a question of confidence. Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* triumphantly cleared a way in the cinema for the Shakespearian man of action. In spite of Olivier's earlier triumph, it must be admitted that his *Hamlet* was attended with some qualms. Heads were shaken over the wisdom of following up the fresh, bright, medieval colouring of *Henry V* with a black-and-white *Hamlet*, the clash of arms and cavalry with the most introvert of Shakespeare's plays. A peculiarly repellent trailer only deepened these doubts.

My own qualms were not immediately quieted. There is more discretion than imagination in the introduction of the Ghost on to the mist-shrouded battlements of Elsinore, and the film opens very much like an infinitely-slow and careful reproduction of the play. The first two scenes seem part of a very handsomely photographed, but still a photographed, stage play, to which the cinema's greater technical resources impart only a more extensive, not more lifelike, realism—as might a bigger and better revolving stage. There is time to be conscious of the wheels going round, to admire the laborious massive mechanism engaged in the translation. There is time to observe the active camera carrying the eye firmly past boredom, the meticulous paring from the text of words unnecessary or unintelligible to the average filmgoing intelligence, which results in passing by the sardonic pun—"a little more than kin and less than kind"—that should be Hamlet's first spoken words; the technique of disguising a soliloquy by breaking it up into its component parts of thought and speech.

INDIVIDUAL reactions to an experience like *Hamlet* are bound to vary. For me, the point at which Olivier's production becomes as it were film-borne is very precisely marked. It comes at the end of the Third Scene. Ophelia (Jean Simmons), having heard the warnings of her brother and father against Hamlet's attentions, bidably promises obedience. But instead of the curtain or the exit proper to a stage production, the bewildered child clings forlornly for a moment to the great pillar and lets her secret gaze wander the length of the palace corridor to where Hamlet broods alone at the other end. Here is a new view of Hamlet and Ophelia; a view only the camera can give.

Henceforward there is no more question of a photographed play. What we see is a production of *Hamlet* in terms of the film. Anybody's favourite line of speech may be among those discarded: is not an essential view of Hamlet lost, for example, with Ophelia's "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown"? But objections to these omissions, or to the devastation of the soliloquies, become pedantic if referred to the play or even to the poetry.

Olivier's film of *Hamlet* establishes its own integrity and the retention or rejection of any speech, scene or character is to be judged only by its gain or loss to a film which exercises to the fullest extent the camera's powers of penetration not only into Elsinore with its roof off, as it were, but into the movements of the mind which are the chief concern of the film—as of the play.

WHEN people hailed Orson Welles's "discovery" of deep focus photography they talked, I thought, half-digested jargon. Swinging and ranging through the vast spaces of the bare baronial halls designed by Roger Furse for Elsinore, the camera peers up turret-staircases, through door-slits or to the furthest depths of the sombre chambers of the palace.

Resting on the features of the actors, especially of the central figure, the camera reveals character at a lower depth than the footlights. Olivier's whole performance, as an actor, like his whole conception as the film's producer and director, is keyed to this mysterious capacity of the camera for getting under the skin or at least behind the make-up. By the austerity of the sombre settings, by the self-denial of eschewing the merely picturesque he concentrates illumination on the bewilderment of mind and heart.

This screen Hamlet is no freak like Dr. Johnson's preaching woman or performing dog—"it is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all"—but a new interpretation to take its place beside others of the first rank. A clumsy but perhaps necessary foreword gives notice that this is to be a film about a man who couldn't make up his mind. Olivier's Prince is no morbid intellectual or decadent poet; not even pre-eminently a royalty or philosopher. In the great duel with Laertes there is a hint of the athletic type who finds it easier to take sword and dagger against a tangible known rival than arms against an abstract sea of troubles. But this Prince is not only the most virile, he is the most human Hamlet I have seen; a sensitive youth bewildered by his outrageous fortune, a most sweet prince indeed, whose every shade of sensibility and tenderness for his mother or Ophelia, of doubt and frustration is just perceptible to the camera.

This is great film-acting. And even the narrow range of music in Olivier's voice is not to be reckoned wholly a loss when balanced by a diction so unaffected and spontaneous that it gives the most often-quoted lines a first-time freshness.

Olivier has surrounded himself with a cast worthy of his own performance. I heard a complaint that Jean Simmons's Ophelia is only sweet and pathetic; but she is very sweet and very pathetic and I find it difficult to see how Ophelia could or should be more. Felix Aylmer's Polonius is perfect—what is left of him after cutting beyond danger of tedium.



The King and Queen are as Shakespeare made them, man and woman and not mere villain and villainess. It is welcome to see Basil Sydney for once in a film part where he does not have to overact to cover the vacuum. His Claudius is a rich, velvety villain, a man of pride and assurance but fully conscious, when fear drives him to prayer, of his own guilt. Eileen Herlie lives up to high expectations as the foolish, voluptuous Queen. My only criticism of her performance is that she and her son look too nearly the same age, but their scenes together are far more comprehensible and more genuinely moving than usual.

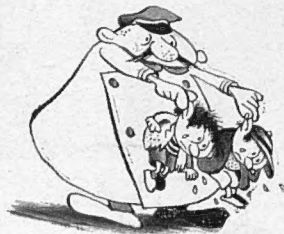
The most striking performance, however, next to Olivier's Hamlet, is the Horatio of Norman Wooland, a comparatively little-known actor who has come to the fore with suddenness in three or four recent films and whose mature strength and sincerity should make him a star hereafter.

THERE is room for unlimited argument over this production; over the length, the omissions, the illustrations which suit new actions to old words. Personally I found the spectacle of poor Ophelia floating "mermaid-like" down the glassy stream quite justified; less so the appearance of Hamlet "with his doublet all unbrac'd"—but not "down-gyved to the ankle"—to go through the absurd movements described by Ophelia. Opinions will differ, as on the effectiveness of "To be or not to be," sole survivor among the great soliloquies, spoken on a rock high above the breaking waves into which Hamlet drops the "bare bodkin" from his idle fingers. And two and a half hours is very long for a film whatever *tours de force* are performed by the camera to keep at bay the visual strain and boredom usually an acknowledged physical fact.

Allowing for all disagreement on detail, I can only finally sum up by saying that I have never been as moved by any stage Hamlet as by this film; or felt it so imperative to see any film a second time at the earliest opportunity. *Henry V* was a milestone in the history of the cinema; *Hamlet* will be another.

Nobody would wish to deny Sir Laurence Olivier the whole credit for the vision and execution of this extraordinary achievement. But I think it worth recording that on the credit titles appear the words: "Under the management of Filippo del Giudice." Del Giudice is now preparing other productions, but *Hamlet* was his last for Two Cities, before he separated from Mr. Rank. It seems worth mentioning, because there are so few exceptions to the generalization that almost all the really fine British films of the last five years or so were made over the same sign.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, the only new pictures with the temerity to appear in London the same week as *Hamlet* were the film version of *This Was a Woman*, with Sonia Dresdel in her original monstrous part; and the two components of a Horror (not certified) programme at the Warner, *The Beast With Five Fingers* and *The Fatal Night*, neither very high even in its own class but effective enough to make my unwilling flesh creep.



**HILDA SIMMS** is the leading actress in *Anna Lucasta* at His Majesty's, the play about Negro life which is having such a tremendous success over here. She began her career eight years ago with the Edith Bush Players in Minneapolis, Minnesota, when she was at the university there, playing Cathie in *Wuthering Heights* and a number of other rôles. Then she went to New York and worked for OWI Overseas Broadcasting, and afterwards began acting with the American Negro Theatre about the time *Anna Lucasta* was being considered for production. She was given the title rôle and with it captured Broadway, being quoted as a new and exciting discovery in the summer of 1944. Before its London production in October, *Anna Lucasta* had a very successful tour in the provinces





Photograph by Angus McBean



*George Bilaukin.*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



*H.E. Dr. Mihai  
Macave, the  
Rumanian Minister*

IN the centre of a military prison several miles from the nearest little town, officers on the Bench and Iron Guards in the well of the chamber listened to the astounding defiance of a woman accused of endangering the security of the kingdom of Rumania. Unrepentant, she hurled at her judges and accusers the phrase: "I work for the people against all of you." The only civilians in the hushed court were the twenty-four other prisoners and their six advocates. As the clock hands moved towards midnight, in profound silence, sentence was pronounced. The woman was to serve fifteen years' hard labour, for Communist agitation.

Near her stood a wealthy landowner, farmer, celebrated barrister, former member of Parliament, who had striven to defend her during the twenty unforgettable days with histrionic, technical and juridical skill of national repute.

To-day, exactly thirteen years later, the unrepentant defendant, Mme. Ann Pauker, is the first woman Foreign Minister in Europe. Her counsel, Dr. Mihai Macave, is first Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Rumania at the Court of St. James's. Dr. Macave has deep-set, luminous brown eyes, and the intellectual's imposingly wide forehead. He heads another of the "difficult" missions in London, as envoy of 18,000,000 people whose former government sided against the Allies during the Hitler war.

BORN in 1882 in a village near Turnu Severin, by the Yugoslav border, at the home of a wealthy farmer and landowner, Macave studied French and German with a governess. In the High School at Craiova he liked Greek, Latin and riding. Thence Paris, and extensive, memorable and stimulating conversations with Anatole France and Jaures, together with honours in law on the university's degree-day. Macave stayed on to take a doctorate in economics.

Returning to Rumania he joined the Liberal Party of Bratianu (name of premiers in three successive generations), was elected to Parliament, and served as a volunteer in the cavalry. The Kaiser's Germans stole the farm stock and damaged the land. Macave resigned from the party during the war, disapproving of the use of a special train by a newly-married Minister, when the people were suffering untold hardships. He also opposed the oppressive Treaty of Bucharest, imposed by the Germans. He resigned and returned to the farm, associating with fellow-dissidents and speaking at meetings in the country.

IN 1940, when Rumania turned towards Fascism and Hitler, Macave left the farm and made his house in Bucharest the headquarters for meetings of the Left Wing groups. The criticisms of the pro-Nazi authorities led to his arrest by Dictator Antonescu, and his dispatch to a concentration camp near Transylvania.

Four years ago Macave was released, but told to remain on the farm. With the liberation of the country in August, 1944, he hurried to Bucharest, joined various cultural groups, served on the committee of the Athenæum, and was chosen vice-president of the leading cultural body with links abroad. In November 1947 he joined the Foreign Office as a diplomatist with the rank of Minister.

If the London post be full of awkward gates and jumps, Macave smilingly remembers that he has previously ridden across strangely difficult, strangely unpromising country.



*Capt. Shepherd, Mrs. Birkett, Mrs. Shepherd and Capt. Birkett were members of a supper party at the Dorchester, where the Ball was held*

## Guests at the Associated British Aero Clubs' Annual Ball



*Miss M. Moorman was at a table with W/Cdr. Presland, of the Royal Aero Club*



*Miss Yule-Laing and Mr. Stanley Kaye were two more of the large assembly of guests*



*Mrs. Daphne Birch talking to S/Ldr. Duke, of the Royal Aero Club, during an interval in the dancing*



*Miss Hylda Orr and Mr. Charles Newton were two more who enjoyed this very successful function*



*Mr. Doran Webb with Miss Katherine Byron, the film actress, who starred in "Black Narcissus"*



## Private View Day at Burlington House



Mr. Frank Dobson, A.R.A., the sculptor, arriving with his wife



Mrs. C. W. Aschan—the painter Mary Aschan—was another who came early



Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Frederick Wells, the Lord Mayor, and Sir Leslie Boyce, City Alderman and Sheriff, compare notes on the exhibits



Mr. G. B. Drayson, M.P. for Skipton, Yorks, with his wife



Sir Malcolm Sargent, the conductor, was another visitor



Lady Meyer, wife of Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., of the diplomatic service



Sir John Anderson, M.P. for Scottish Universities, with Lady Anderson



Lady Mary Alexander and her daughter, the Hon. Charmiane Wilson

## Swiss Folklore Festival Committee Meeting

To Help the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund



Mrs. Warren Pearl with Sir Bertram Rumble, Hon. Treasurer of the Fund, and Mrs. Bowen-Davies. The meeting was at the R.A.F. Club, Piccadilly



Mrs. G. Robinson, Mr. A. Hartley and Miss H. Robinson, three more helpers. The Festival is at the Albert Hall next Tuesday



Lady Saunders, wife of the Chief of Bomber Command, addressing the Committee, of which she is Chairman





Swabe

## The St. John Exhibition and Fair at St. James's Palace

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Carson, who ran the Flower Stall, with Mrs. M. Crosse, Miss H. Schmid, Mrs. C. Gasper, Mrs. G. la Coste and the Hon. Mrs. Howel Moore-Gwyn

Mrs. Francis Nathan, the Fancy Packing and Cake Stallholder, with Miss Idina Probyn, Miss Margaret Douglas and Miss Diana Farr, who were among her assistants

*Janifer writes*

# HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** A busy week started when H.M. the Queen, looking so nice in royal blue with silver fox furs, visited the interesting Exhibition and Fair organised by the St. John Ambulance Brigade at St. James's Palace. Her Majesty was received by the chairman of the Exhibition, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and made a thorough inspection of all the models showing the wonderful work of the St. John all over the world. These models are shortly going on a mobile tour throughout Great Britain, as a recruiting scheme for young volunteers to the Brigade. After inspecting the Exhibition, her Majesty went round the stalls, making many purchases.

Later in the week their Majesties' visits to the British Industries Fair at Earl's Court and Olympia involved, as always, a walk of several miles at that slow pace which is the most tiring of all. The King and Queen repeatedly expressed their pleasure at seeing such obvious progress in the production drive both for export and, to a lesser extent, alas, for home use. Princess Margaret went with her parents. Queen Mary, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent were also in the party at Earl's Court.

Least fatigued of the Royal party at the end of the tour was Queen Mary, who, as the Duke of Gloucester had observed the night before at the Lord Mayor's inaugural dinner-party, has never missed a Fair since their inception in 1915 and who could, said the Duke, "Walk most officials off their feet." Pinned in the front of her long coat, the Queen Mother wore a badge of which she is proud. Stamped "No. 1," it was the first official Fair badge issued.

This activity was the prelude to a quiet Whitsun holiday at Balmoral for the King and Queen and Princess Margaret. So much did the King regard this Scottish visit as a private holiday that only Sir Alan Lascelles, his Majesty's Private Secretary, and Lady Lascelles were asked to go North with the Royal party. The Queen did not even take a Lady-in-Waiting with her.

A BIG event in the West Country has been the coming-of-age of Earl Bathurst. Among the celebrations were two balls which Lady Apsley gave for her son at their lovely home at Cirencester on consecutive nights. The second ball was honoured with the presence of H.R.H. Princess Margaret, who came over from Badminton with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. H.R.H. looked enchanting in a pink tulle dress embroidered in coloured crystals, and danced indefatigably the whole evening; her partners included her young host, his brother, the Hon. George Bathurst, and Lord Porchester.

Lady Apsley, who looked charming in a dress of midnight blue trimmed with sequins, had her sister, Lady Somers, also in black, to help her entertain the 500 guests, who made a gay scene in the lovely ballroom as many of the men wore their pink coats (although the hunting season has ended), and the many pretty girls

and young marrieds present wore their loveliest dresses. The Countess of Westmorland's pretty daughter was dancing with her husband, the Hon. Georgie Ward, Lord and Lady Oaksey brought their three pretty daughters, the Hon. Diana Holland Hibbert looked most attractive, also the Hon. Philippa Bewicke Copley, and Mrs. Hugo Brassey. After supper Sir Frederick Cripps made a presentation of hunting equipment to Earl Bathurst, and proposed his health. The Earl, in reply, made an excellent speech, during which he proposed the health of the newly-engaged Lord St. Aldwyn, who was at the ball with his fiancée, Mrs. Diana Smyly.

H. R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH looked radiant in a dress of silver and pink brocade when she attended the Royal and Merchant Navy Ball with the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret. They sat at a table on the edge of the dance floor with a party of eight, including H.R.H.'s Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Margaret Egerton, and Lt. Parker, the Duke of Edinburgh's equerry, who I later saw dancing together, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Lord Ogilvy. When the Reels started the Royal party were able to form their own eightsome. At a nearby table I saw the young Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the latter looking very pretty in pale blue, with a party, including her sister, Lady Caroline Scott.

Lady Crosfield had a party at the next table, and among others I saw at this ball, which raised a splendid sum for this very good cause, were Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Cedric Holland, Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whigham, who brought a party, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague, Lady Gloria Fisher, wearing gardenias in her dark hair, Lord and Lady Roderick Pratt in Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill's party, good-looking Miss Peggy Churchard, Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham, Major and Mrs. Edward Christie Miller in a large party which included Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, Vicomte d'Ortez, Lord and Lady Rendlesham and Princess de Ligne.

THE Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Aragao, the latter looking charming in a draped dress, received the guests with Professor André Dreyfus, of San Paulo, at the reception they gave at the Brazilian Embassy in honour of the delegation of Brazilian engineers visiting this country. An early arrival was the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, who was in evening dress, as she was going straight on to a theatre. The Nepalese Ambassador, who told me how much he had enjoyed the lovely music at the Royal Thanksgiving Service, was with his



The Queen admires a model at the Exhibition which depicts a scene at the Coronation



charming wife, and the Uruguayan Minister brought attractive Mme. MacEachen, very chic in black. Marie Marchioness of Willingdon was talking to the Belgian Ambassador and Viscountess de Thiessies, and Mrs. Lewis Douglas I saw chatting to Viscountess Jowitt. Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton were chatting with Mrs. Arnold. The U.S. Chargé d'Affaires was accompanied by Mrs. Gallman, very attractive in black. The Netherlands Minister and Mme. Verduynen were with the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, who were saying how much they had enjoyed their recent week in Belgium and Holland.

**T**ULLE hats with tweed suits, fur coats over cotton frocks, velvet capes worn with flannel slacks were all to be seen among the big crowd at the Private View of the Royal Academy. There were, of course, many chic and well-dressed women there too. The Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, looking far prettier than her picture, which is hanging in Gallery No. 3, was wearing a ribbon turban with her terracotta coat, and Lady Meyer was looking very attractive in a long black corded silk coat and white straw hat as she went round the rooms with Sir Anthony Meyer and Mrs. Charles Knight. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, who told me the recent film première, of which she was chairman, *One Night with You*, in aid of Westminster Homes, realised the splendid sum of £4,000, looked very smart in a brown suit. Lady Suenson-Taylor was escorted round the rooms by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor.

There are many interesting pictures hanging this year. Those painted by the President, Sir Alfred Munnings, show his versatility, for besides pictures of horses, he exhibits this year a charming snowy scene called "My Garden in Winter," and a summery river scene called "September Afternoon." Other pleasing paintings are the three exhibits done by Mr. Winston Churchill. I personally loved his "Blenheim Tapestries," and would have chosen it in preference to anything else in the Academy. There were some lovely pictures by Sir Russell Flint, including an exquisite composition consisting of three studies of Moira Shearer in her ballet costume. A picture that was collecting a big crowd around it was the large oil painting of Mrs. Daphne Wall, which shows her in three different poses. Mrs. Wall, who is blonde and attractive, was previously married to the late Major Grant Singer, who was killed on active service with the 10th Hussars during the war. I also noticed charming portraits of the Countess of Ronaldshay and Lady Rennel.

**D**URING the afternoon Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, accompanied by his son David, went round the Galleries with Sir Alfred Munnings. Lady Munnings, accompanied by her faithful p Pekinese, Adam, was chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, who were

admiring A. K. Lawrence's charming picture of the little daughters of Major Christopher York. Miss Felicity Warburg, who has recently arrived in England, told me she hopes to stay several months. She was going round the Galleries with Mrs. Lewis Douglas, very chic in brown, Mr. Tommy Buekner and Major Norman Fraser. Also in this big gathering were Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, Lady Mary Alexander and her debutante daughter, the Hon. Charmian Wilson, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Mrs. Michael Woods and her grandmother, Lady Sassoon, and Mrs. Alistair Cameron.

**T**HE Allied Circle Ball at the Dorchester was a tremendous success, and it is to be hoped that this will now become an annual affair. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee received the guests with the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Moniz d'Aragao, chairman of the ball, and the chairman of the Allied Circle, Mr. Douglas Woodruff, with the Hon. Mrs. Woodruff. It was certainly the most representative gathering of the Corps Diplomatique seen at any ball in London, and a gay scene was provided by the flags of many countries on the tables at which their Ambassadors and Ministers were sitting. Prince George of Denmark was among the guests, and sat at the Danish table with Countess Raben. I have not space to tell you who was there, but I saw the Ambassador or Minister from nearly every country in the world, which was a wonderful tribute to the Allied Circle, which has done so much to build up a friendship among the peoples of all nations in this country at their headquarters in Green Street.

**I** WENT to a delightful cocktail party given by Major and Mrs. Guy Heseltine at their enchanting house in Alexander Place. This coincided with the opening at the Fine Art Society, in New Bond Street, of an exhibition of paintings by Mrs. Heseltine, who paints under her maiden name of Anna Zinkeisen. Firstly a few words about this exhibition, which demonstrated the great versatility of this very clever artist. Though Anna Zinkeisen says she specialises in portraits and mural decoration (there were two examples of the latter in "Spring" and "Summer," two mural sketches for the Queen Mary), the exhibition includes two enchanting conversation pieces cleverly named "Tittle Tattle" and "Hyde Park." Rich reds and purples were again apparent in the picture "The Three Kings," while there were some charming snowy pictures. Her flower pictures were lovely, and I especially liked one of orchids which really looked alive.

**L**ATER at the cocktail party I met Sir Paul Dukes, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Gisborne, who was being congratulated on the excellent likeness of her portrait which appeared in the exhibition; Sir Neville Pearson, who lives near by in Pelham Crescent; Countess Vanden



Miss Constance Cummings, the actress, who held the "Toys from the Stars" Stall, demonstrates the working of a walking doll

Hendel, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Howard Kerr, and the Misses Janet and Anne Graham-Johnstone, looking very like the fine picture by their aunt. Others I saw in the Heseltines' charming panelled drawing-room included Sir Harry and Lady Lindsay, Lord Morris, Capt. Bachalus of the U.S. Navy, Sir Edward Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. James Laver, Col. and Mrs. Barstow, Mr. Wells-Coates, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLeod.

**D**ATES for your notebook. To-morrow, May 20th, *Job*, to be performed by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This is to be a gala performance, and the whole proceeds of the evening will go, through the kindness of the Covent Garden Opera Trust, to the Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund.

On the night of May 21st, there is the Three Arts Ball at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Three Arts Club Reconstruction Fund. On May 25th, also at Grosvenor House, will be the second half of the Queen Charlotte's Ball. On May 26th-May 28th is the Chelsea Flower Show, where each year one sees more and more beautiful flowers in the excellent setting of the Chelsea Hospital Gardens. On May 28th, Keble College are having their Summer Ball at Oxford. The Countess Beatty is Chairman of the Ball to be held at the Dorchester on May 29th in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. She has Mr. Anthony Eden as President, and Lord Ismay, Lord Mancroft and Lord Teynham as Vice-Presidents, and a really go-ahead Committee. May ends with the Royal Caledonian Ball, always a colourful and gay event at Grosvenor House on the 31st.



Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, Exhibition chairman, with Mrs. Archie Camden and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, G.B.E.



Lady Anne Fummi, the Viscountess Dargan, Mrs. S. L. Simpson and the Hon. Mrs. Fred Leathers at the Gifts and Sports Stall



Miss M. A. Lygon, Miss J. Wolfson and Miss D. Williams, three of the helpers, display some of their wares

#### More Organisers and Helpers at the St. John's Fair





Fennell

Huntsmen and hounds of the Royal Meath Foxhounds giving a display between the jumping events on the second day of the Show

"The Tatler" was at—

## THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY SPRING SHOW

The Famous Three-Day Event at Ballsbridge which is the Highlight of the Eire Spring Social and Sporting Calendar



Miss Mary Whitehead, who hunts with the Monmouthshire, was a competitor in the jumping competitions



Lady Stafford-King-Harman (right) with Lady Moyne and her eldest daughter, the Hon. Rosaleen Guinness



Lady Carew, wife of Lord Carew, of Castletown, Co. Kildare, with her daughter, the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew



Major Ernest G. Howarth, M.B.E., with his wife, Lady Meriel Howarth, daughter of the Earl of Meath



Capt. Patrick Munro, of Foulis, with his wife and her father, Capt. the Hon. William French, uncle of Lord De Freyne



Major Lord Ardee, son and heir of the Earl of Meath, and Lady Ardee were visitors from Co. Wicklow



H.E. Comte Jacques de Lalaing, who is Belgian Minister to Eire, with the Comtesse de Lalaing



Lt.-Gen. Sir James Hartigan, formerly Director-General of Army Medical Services, with Col. E. Bald and Lady Hartigan



Col. R. MacLaine, Mrs. Geo. Garrett, wife of the U.S. Minister to Eire, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Norman McEwen



Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin, daughter of the Earl of Dunraven, pins the winning rosette on her father's Kerry bull



The Rt. Hon. James McMahon, President of the Royal Dublin Society, the Hon. Mr. Justice Wylie, Mr. John Ryan, owner and former Master of the Scarteen Hounds, and Mrs. Ryan



Major-Gen. Geoffrey Brooke, the hunting author, talking to the Earl of Dunraven, who is ninety-one



The Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally Stourton with her daughter Vanessa from Tara



Novice Hacks winners: (1) Mr. T. Molyneux on Mrs. R. G. Garland's Hopeful Marcus, (2) Miss Iris Kellett on Starlet, and (3) Miss Pamela Stokes on Qasim



Miss K. Hume Dudgeon clearing the stone-wall jump on Rosabelle in fine style in the course jumping





Viscount and Viscountess Adare. Viscount Adare is the Earl of Dunraven's son and heir



Major S. Johnson, Mrs. P. G. Grey, Mrs. Andrew L. Moore and Major Dennis discussing the day's prospects



The Marchioness of Kildare, Mrs. O. H. Eustace-Duckett and the Marquess of Kildare, the Duke of Leinster's son and heir

## The Kildare Hunt Race Meeting

Two-Day 'Chasing Carnival at Punchestown



Baroness de Robeck, with Miss H. Peel, watching the horses in the saddling enclosure



Lt.-Col. D. C. Forde, Master of the East Down, with Lord Glen-toran, one of the stewards



Major Hughes-Gibb and Miss J. Hope Johnson were two more who enjoyed this good meeting



Fennell, Dublin Prince D'Ardia Caracciolo and his wife, who was formerly Miss Mary Fitzgerald



On the Kildare Hunt Stand: Lady Carew, Major E. M. Conolly, C.M.G., and Lord Carew, Joint-Master of the North Kildare Harriers



Lt.-Col. Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, Bt., the owner and breeder, with Lady Stafford-King-Harman



Also on the Kildare Hunt Stand were Mrs. George Garrett, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Lord Glen-toran, formerly M.P. for East Belfast



Mrs. Garrett (right) walking with the Countess of Rosse, wife of the sixth Earl and formerly Miss Anne Messel, of Staplefield, Sussex



Poole, Dublin His Excellency Sean T. O'Kelly (right), President of Eire, with Capt. Gerald F. Dunne in the saddling enclosure

# Priscilla in Paris

## The Merry Month of May

MAY 1st and the "Labour Holiday." Luck-bringing lilies-of-the-valley on all the push-carts. Fun, fireworks and fanfares. Parades for the people. But no postal deliveries. No cafés. Curtailed service in hotels and restaurants. No newspapers. No shops open (except a few provision stores in the morning), and since everything is closed on Sundays and Mondays, we are high and dry for three days running.

One is also obsessed by the nervous feeling that if one wanders beyond comfortable walking distance from home, one is not sure at what hour the Métro and omnibus workers—to say nothing of taxi-drivers—will decide to call it a day! Cafés, cinemas and theatres will only open in the evening. However, the sun shines, the chestnut-trees are in full bloom, public parks are open and tub-thumping will abound. For such mercies and entertainment, therefore, must we be truly grateful.

THE marriage of the young Duc de Mouchy to lovely, twenty-year-old Diane de Castellane, granddaughter of the famous Marquis Boni de Castellane who, under the septenary of President Fallières, married Miss Anna Gould (his first wife) and amazed *tout Paris* by the wonderful parties they gave, has been the sensation of this last week. It was, sartorially writing, a very New Look affair, from the lovely, slim-waisted gown of the bride's mother, the Comtesse de Castellane (*née* Fernandez Anchora), with its beautiful embroidered bodice and flowing skirt, to the simple polka-dot foulard of the dainty little Marquise de Saint-Sene. The Duchesse de Mouchy, mother of the bridegroom, wore a hat and cape of ostrich feathers, the Comtesse Bruno de Boisgelin a picture hat trimmed with roses. The bride's elder sister, Comtesse Jean-Louis de Ganay, looked charming in a grey and gold brocade coat and a black *capeline* tied under her chin with tulle streamers; she was accompanied by her husband, who is known as "the handsomest man in Paris"; he belonged to a parachute corps during the war.



*A Corner of the Hall of Sculpture at the first exhibition given in Paris of the work of art students only. It was held at the Palais de New York, and was opened by the President, M. Vincent Auriol*

Amongst the many distinguished guests were Prince George of Greece, the Prince de Ligne in his R.A.F. uniform, Princesse "Zozo" de Faucigny-Lucinge, the Duc de Gramont, the Duc de Noailles and the seventy-five-year-old Duc de Montmorency. Little Anne de Pourtales and Pepito de Villalobar were train-bearers, and were hard put to it not to fidget, but, considering their age, they survived very gallantly

# Voilà!

● The Sunday drivers are out again! M. Durand was enjoying an after-déjeuner nap in his little weekend shack when the bonnet of a small but powerful car appeared through the open French window. "Am I on the right road for Dieppe?" blurted out the driver.—"Yes," answered Durand, "but cut through the dining-room, it's quicker!"

and made up for lost time with a grand scamper in the gardens of the beautiful home of the bride's mother, where the wedding reception and lunch took place. It is in the rue de Varennes, that narrow street on the Left Bank so full of historical dwellings, and where so many Embassies are housed.

French balletomanes are delighted at the thought of seeing England's brilliant prima ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, with Roland Petit during the latter's forthcoming season at the Théâtre Marigny. Roland Petit is appearing with a new company in which, however, one still finds the famous English dancer, Gordon Hamilton, who was with him when he founded the Ballets des Champs Élysées. Amongst the newcomers are Maria Delbo, of the Scala at Milan; Hans Zullig, who was with the Ballets Joos; Colette Marchand, of the Paris Opera House; René Jeanmaire and Vladinir Skouratoff; Serge Perronet, Tommy Linden and that very lovely dancer and choreographer, Janine Charrat. Margot Fonteyn has enchanted her Paris interviewers by replying to their questions in their own language, which she speaks extremely well.

CHANCE and a ski-ing accident at the winter sports this year brought Roland Petit and Jean Anhouil, the dramatist (and now author of one of the new ballets), together. From their enforced inaction the *Demoiselles de la Nuit* was born. These "Ladies of the Night" being those charming felines that we name, according to our mood and their behaviour, "darling pussies" or "those damn cats!" Another ballet is *La Femme et son Ombre*, by Paul Claudel. Margot Fonteyn will also appear with Roland Petit in various classical *pas de deux*, notably from the *Casse-Noisette* suite and *l'Oiseau Bleu*.



"Dawn," by Odile Erpeldinger, was one of the most discussed exhibits at "Salon 48"



The President admires a bust of the late Gen. Leclerc sculptured by M. Mourgues (extreme right)



A memorial to Alain Gerbault, the famous deep-sea yachtsman, as conceived by M. Touzet

## Maillols and Rodins of the Future Submit Their Work to the Public





Mr. William Cranshaw at supper with Miss Janet Edmond. The Ball was held at Grosvenor House



Miss Denise Coker, another of the 1948 debutantes, was at a table with Mr. Clive Mackey



Miss June Greville, Miss Barbara Guise



Margaret Harrington, Margaret Moore share a joke



Miss Patricia Hely-Hutchinson, a relative of the Earl of Donoughmore, with Miss Jane Gribble



Miss Georgina Albu, with her cousin, Miss Joan Railing, who comes from Haslemere, Surrey.



Lady Margaret Hawkins, sister of the Duchess of Gloucester, with her daughter Renira



Lady Baring, wife of Sir Godfrey Baring, Bt., with her god-daughter, Miss Susannah Hyde Gardner



Dancers clustered round the set-piece of the evening, the monster "cake" which was cut with



## CUTTING QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S

OVER 700 guests attended the first half of the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball. Lady Hamond-Graeme, very good-looking in grey, entertained a large party at her table, including General and Mrs. Adair and their debutante daughter, Juliet the Marchioness of Headfort, and her daughter, Lady Olivia Taylour, Capt. Bartling Pearson, of the U.S.N., and Mrs. Pearson with their daughter Beverley, whom I saw being presented to H.M. the Queen at St. James's Palace the previous day when she was selling programmes at the St. John's Fair, by Mrs. Rennie O'Mahony, who was in charge of the programme-sellers. I heard Her Majesty on being told Beverley Pearson came from the United States, thank her for coming to help St. John's. Also in Lady Hamond-Graeme's

party were Pamela the Hon. Charmi Lady St. John Ryland, and Mr. Among the attrac of-the-cake cerem the Hon. June M attractive girl, th Felicity Ingleby-Fox, Miss Caro Bridget Mulholla



Mr. Kenneth Bradshaw with Miss Venice Hill, daughter of Lord and Lady Francis Hill, and Mr. S. W. Heneage



Ensign J. W. Taft, of the U.S. Navy, with Miss Beverley Pearson, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. B. Pearson



Lady H. C.



June Greville, Miss Margaret Harrington and Miss Barbara Gullmoore share a joke



The Baroness Suppia Sassavaut chatting to Mr. Philip Brient over an after-supper cigarette



Lady Maureen Le Poer Trench, eldest daughter of the Earl of Clancarty, and Mr. G. Colin Cooper



...ing, the monster "cake" which was cut with great ceremony at a later stage in the proceedings

## CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

the Queen Charlotte's good-looking in grey, general and Mrs. Adair, ess of Headfort, and earson, of the U.S.N., whom I saw being ce the previous day, Fair, by Mrs. Rennie-llers. I heard Her United States, thank y Hamond-Graeme's

party were Pamela Lady Aylesford, and her daughter, Judy Dugdale, the Hon. Charmiane Wilson, who was dancing with Mr. Archie Kidson, Lady St. John of Bletsoe, Mr. David Metcalfe, Mr. Charlie Smith-Ryland, and Mr. Timothy Parker dancing with Miss Jean Tollemache. Among the attractive girls I noticed taking part in the traditional cutting-of-the-cake ceremony were Miss Susan Biddulph, Miss Fiona Campbell, the Hon. June May, Miss Gillian Bruce, Miss Penelope Colclough, a very attractive girl, the Hon. Tanya Bruce, Miss Felicity Ingleby-MacKenzie, Miss Georgina Fox, Miss Caroline Mowbray and Miss Bridget Mulholland.

*Sanifer*



Mr. Jocelyn Michell sitting out with Miss Caroline Crossley from Alresford, Hampshire



Miss Georgina Albu, daughter of Sir George Albu, Bt., of Johannesburg, with Mr. R. M. Railing



Mr. Anthony Milland, Miss Yvonne Lloyd-Howard, Mr. Chas. Legh, Mrs. Rooker, Mr. John Rooker and Miss Rozell Lloyd-Howard



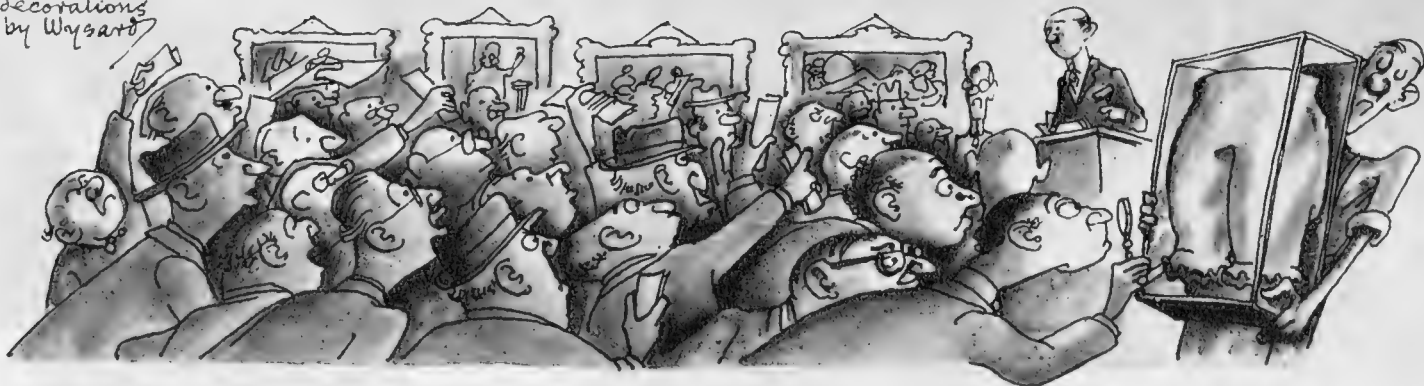
Lady Hamond-Graeme, who brought a very large party, with Capt. J. B. Pearson, U.S. Naval Air Attaché



The Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort brought their only daughter, Lady Olivia Taylour, over from Ireland



decorations  
by Wysard



"As a supreme test . . ."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Standing By . . .

**W**OMEN'S fashions are such a big nonsense, taken by and large (hiya, Paquin!), that a recent slice of poodle-pie from an eager girl-prophet about "a return to the Renaissance" will excite nobody except citizens with straw in their hair already, we guess.

The point overlooked being that Renaissance fashions were designed exclusively for bouncing, well-upholstered Rubensy girls. Clément Marot's cry to his lady in sickness, begging her not to lose her colour and her size:

Couleur fade  
Tu prendras  
Et perdras  
L'embonpoint . . .

—intimates among a thousand other examples that to any Renaissance connoisseur the fashionable wench of 1948 would be death. Moreover a liberal exposure of the upper half of women, raw, was then deemed essential, however unpleasing to the judicious eye. *Beaucoup de monde sur le balcon*, as the French say nowadays, is not a feature of the current female shape, unless we err. The last public display we heard of was that of a celebrated Edwardian music-hall comedienne who, offering a cigarette to a chap we used to know, hoicked a round tin of 100 from her opulent corsage and replaced it without comment, and without affecting her contours one whit.

How fascinating to continue this discussion, did not decorum cry aloud and delicacy blench.

### Treasure

**B**EHIND that 17th-century Dutch silver porringer recently sold for £900 at Christie's, who can help seeing an astonished Dutch face under a huge periwig, the lips silently forming the contemporary Dutch word for "crackers" or "barmy"?

Every London auction-room seems to us thronged with the shrugging shades of the original owners, deeming the Age of Shoddy to be a loony-bin, since practically anything they used daily, and thought nothing much of, commands such fantastic prices nowadays. As a supreme test we'd like to see Christie or Sotheby put up a piece of old-time Dutch art which, a travelled chap assures us, is preserved in an up-country museum somewhere in South Africa, where the Dutch esteem themselves to be the real MacKay and scorn all *verdomder Hollanders*; namely, a vast pair of flannel bloomers, the property of a long-deceased vrouw said to have been pipped in them by the wicked Rooineks some time in the dim past.

In the original glass case this treasure would fetch five hundred berries, and would be resold to some dope within a week for seven hundred. If you don't believe this, look at any auction-room crowd.



"A stern glance"

### Gesture

**A** CHAP charged the other day with setting fire to his 760-ton yacht seems not to have had the excuse of the really rich, namely that yachts over 500 tons are a bore and one gets sick of having more than half a dozen.

This was the cry on the R.Y.S. lawns in the old frank days when newspapers would print a photograph of a group of fashionable beauties—we've seen one—over the simple caption: "Cowes." (Similarly of the period was the cry of Commander Vanderbilt, founder of the dynasty, whenever he did anything people didn't like: "Well, I'm rich, ain't I?") Only the really rich can carry off yacht-destruction without looking silly, as one social climber did in the old days, hoping to impress a duchess. She just looked through him and out to sea. Comment on the Lawns moreover was unfavourable.

"Boulder over there. Just sunk another 600-tonner. His last."

"Gad."

"Cuttin' a dash. Some woman."

"Anybody knowin' him?"

"No. Broke."

"Gad."

A stern glance from an imposing bearded figure with a large cigar, and the unhappy social gambler stumbled away into the Outer Dark, clad in exquisite flannels.

### Symbol

**S**PARTAN gendarmerie threatened by local Reds recently mopped up a score or so of them in a fight, showing that the old Spartan virtues are not extinct, exhausting as they are.

As a born helot—lazy, sensual, servile, and muttering—we doubt if you'd have cared for the old-time Spartans either. That exhibitionist austerity and restless militarism would have sickened you (as current enlistment-figures for the Territorial Army reveal), and you'd have got no cricket. What, no cricket? Well, hardly any after 250 B.C., we find on looking it up, with some distaste. By then the Ephors, the Spartan equivalent of the M.C.C., had all been murdered; nobody got a decent knock at the nets, and the helots were so drunk that they presented a lifesize silver model of a crooked bat to a local hero named Bradmanes, whose speech of thanks is recorded by Thucydides:

I am much obliged to you fellows but I don't think you have the right idea. I mean about this bat. Thanks very much for this jolly fine bat but I think you've got the wrong idea.

By all progressive standards the helots, drunk or sober, had the *absolutely right* idea.

### Interior

**A** CITIZEN fussing unduly over the Crown Jewels (which are quite safe so far, our spies report, none of the hard boys having the nerve or opportunity of Colonel Blood) recalled a homely little domestic scene at Windsor on the eve of William IV's coronation. We encountered it in Charles Greville's *Journals* the other evening and were charmed.

As Clerk of the Council Greville (himself a fuss-pot) had to consult Queen Adelaide on the type of crown she preferred. Unlike her kind-hearted old buffoon of a husband, the Queen preferred above all a quiet life. Having looked through Greville's sketches she rejected the lot, nevertheless, saying she did not want "a hired crown." This conversation ensued:

GREVILLE: Ma'am, I can only say the late King wore one at his coronation.

THE QUEEN: I do not like it. I have jewels enough, and I will have them made up myself.

THE KING: Very well. (To Greville): Then you will have to pay for the setting.

THE QUEEN: Oh, no, I shall pay for it myself.

A violent thunderstorm raging outside the parlour windows and two full-length portraits on the wall of the King's principal illegitimate offspring, Adolphus and Augustus Fitzclarence, complete the perfect Rex Whistler *décor* for a scene based on *The Rose and the Ring*. But alas and alas, that exquisite satirist is no more.

### Bloom

**E**VERY flower-lover is sufficiently familiar with the bestial fancies of professional British rosegrowers to be sadly aware that a new bloom recently mentioned in the Press must already bear a catalogue-name hideous beyond belief.

Poets feverishly dodge this issue, though Tennyson faced it for once in *The Gardener's Daughter*. If you recollect, Eustace lets out a loud cry on seeing a lovely vision among the bushes:

"Ah, one rose—

One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,  
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips  
Less exquisite than thine!"

To which the gardener's exquisite daughter blushing replies:

"Granted as soon

As ask'd! Which kind of rose would you prefer?  
Elijah Grummitt? Mrs. Aggie Snoop?  
Rev. Ebenezer Upchuck? J. P. Gowler?  
Prudence McGuffin, or George Nobblethwaite?"

Hence, maybe, a wellknown elementary French conversational exercise of the period:

Where is the gentleman (*monsieur*) who admires the beautiful daughter of the gardener?—He is ill (*malade*).

Why is he ill?—He is ill owing to (*à cause de*) the obscene imagination of a whiskery yahoo (*salaud à favoris*).

Chaps named Eustace are a bit super-sensitive from the moment of christening, perhaps.



Photographs by Walter Effner

Championships and hunter trials organised by the Crawley and Horsham Hunt Branch of the Pony Club were held at The Hyde, Handcross, Sussex, recently. In spite of a freak thunderstorm, during which a tree was struck near the pony lines, the championships were run off, though some events had to be cancelled. The Covell sisters are seen jumping in fine style in the "Team of Three Championship," of which they were the winners

## Pony Club Riders Have a Field-Day in Sussex



Frederick Lindley on Flash, who came second in the championships. He is a member of the East Sussex Hunt Pony Club



The winners of the "Team of Three Championship" receiving their rosettes from Mrs. Gregson, M.F.H. They are Angela Covell on Bay Brook, Tessa Covell on Hullabaloo, and Priscilla Covell on Yankee Doodle Dandy



Josephine Kindersley, of the Crawley and Horsham Hunt Pony Club, who won the championship on Brownie, receives her prize from Mrs. Gregson



## Sabretache

## Pictures in the Fire

A THOUGHTFUL Scot has written to the daily Press saying that, because he is a Scot, he knows nothing about cricket, and that he wishes "the extraordinary people who inhabit the southern portion of this island" would stop asking him what is the latest score. How this recalls those days when we used to buy our midday paper and watch the criss-cross pattern in the sky made by the Immortal Few who saved, not only us, who are grateful, but a world which is not!

Our friend's letter bubbles over with humour, and I cannot resist the obvious riposte. Isn't the only question a Scotsman resents: "What's yours?" because he wants to say it first? I speak as one who loves every bank and brae in that lovely country, and who gets hot under the collar at the very suggestion that "The Walleys" was a Welshman. I speak the language fluently and idiomatically. Mr. T. L. Geddes' leg-pull about Scotsmen knowing nothing about cricket does not flick a single feather off me! Harrovians, I feel, may be quite cross about this, for "Airchie," even though he was born in Manchester, was a Scot, and is one of the gods in the Harrow cricket Pantheon. He was, I suppose, the greatest judge of "ammunition" ever known. He would take off a bowler even when he was getting wickets, if he thought that the change would be more deadly—and most times he was right!

## The Guineas

IF we believe that the half of My Babu's pedigree which is not thoroughbred, according to the British Stud Book, is better than the two halves of The Cobbler's pedigree, which are completely "untainted," and if we are sticklers for blood, then we shall be in no doubt as to which of the twain we are going to pick to win the Derby, provided, of course, that we start with the assumption that there is nothing better than either of them. For myself, I believe there is one that may knock both of them out at Epsom, and he also, like My Babu, is barred from the Stud Book. The name is Black Tarquin.

There was every reason, if we believe in the theory of heredity, why these two beautiful colts we saw put up record time for the Rowley Mile, should have done it, for each of them has plenty of greased lightning in his pedigree: My Babu getting both The Tetrarch and Sundridge; The Cobbler only Sundridge who, incidentally, through Amphion, goes straight back to that great bedrock, Blacklock, from whom descend St. Simon and Perdita II., the great Sandringham conjuring trick, which gave Edward VII. two of his three Derby winners, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee. So it is not just to consider Sundridge as good only for high speed. The

same thing applies where The Tetrarch is concerned. Both have produced horses with enough stamina to win long-distance Classic races.

## The Two Thousand Duel

S MIRKE, who rode the winner, has told the world that if My Babu had been drawn on the stand side, that is the one nearer to you and me, and that if he had not hung badly for quite a long time, he would have won by three or four lengths. We must, of course, listen to the Man at the Wheel, but four lengths is a great deal, and if he lost all that, then the time would have been something like 1 min. 30 secs., or even less; and this I do not believe possible. Both these colts were out to the last ounce when they passed the post, and it might be wise to remember this fact.

In spite of all the covert remarks about The Cobbler which have been current ever since he has been seen in public, I expect that anyone who looked him over on Guineas day might say that, taking him to bits, he beat My Babu. I think he is much better in front, and that his shoulders are beautifully set in. This counts for so much, whether they are coming down a hill or landing over a fence. The one with a "steep" shoulder will jolt your back teeth out. "They"—meaning his critics—have said that The Cobbler is "all use," meaning to imply that he is as plain as the corner of a street. This is a long way from the truth. I once knew a chap who nearly got bitten for saying that about a damsel who believed that she was Venus at 5 stone. "All use" is always a backhanded way of being uncomplimentary!

I believe that The Cobbler will come down to Tattenham Corner with greater comfort than My Babu, whose name, by the way, is pronounced "My Barbooh," and not as the B.B.C. pronounce it. The intelligentsia say that The Cobbler cannot possibly get more than a mile, but that My Babu can. Where is the proof in either case? As to the One Thousand, I am sure that everyone was pleased to see Sir Percy Loraine win his first Classic. It might be dangerous to say that Queenpot is either a Pretty Polly or a Sceptre.

## "Joshua Slocum"

MR. RUPERT HART-DAVIS, publisher of the two recent reprints of the famous sailorman's books, *Sailing Alone Around the World* and *The Voyage of the Liberdade*, has written to my editor saying that in the "long and excellent notice by 'Sabretache,'" he thinks that, "to most readers the use of the word 'condensed' will suggest that either or both of the books is in some way abridged." Whilst thanking Mr. Hart-Davis for these few

## BRIGGS—by Graham



"Yoo-Hoo, Cook! It's for you . . ."

kind words, I do not think so; but if "compact" is preferred, so be it! Those who read these engrossing books will see that they are not abridged. I feel very like that poor Ass in *Æsop*. He was no better at hair-splitting than I am.

## Dope

A recent inquest on a steeplechase jockey, who died as a result of injuries when a horse fell with him in a hurdle race, the jury, who brought in a verdict of "death by misadventure," when asked by the Coroner whether, in their opinion, the horse was doped, said "Yes," but that the jockey's death was caused by "Misadventure," and that the dope had nothing to do with it. If the horse was doped, and the stewards of the N.H.C. backed the view of the local officials that he was, and he went clean off his head as the evidence elicited at the inquest suggests, then, surely, this is what the lawyers call a *non sequitur*?

You and I would say: "It does not add up!" The drug which it is alleged was used was benzedrine. I am not chemist enough to know whether it is a derivative of cocaine or not, but, judging by what happened, I should strongly suspect that it is. The effects of doping with cocaine are identical. I have seen a horse, sent raving mad by cocaine, bolt for over three miles, and then fall over the racecourse rails, luckily without fatal injury either to himself or the jockey. He had, however, been turned into a lethal weapon. Is the law entitled to call such an accident "Misadventure"?



D. R. Stuart

## Golf: The Old Wykehamists Win the Halford Hewitt Cup

The Old Wykehamists beat the Watsonians 3 to 2 in the final at Deal recently. This is Winchester's fourth appearance in the final and their first win. Sitting: P. G. Foster, G. H. Micklem, J. Walker (captain), G. A. Loveday, C. H. V. Elliott. Standing: P. Smythe, H. G. Illingworth, G. R. A. Jamieson, W. S. I. Whitelaw, A. J. N. Young

The Old Watsonians, who were runners-up in the final for the Halford Hewitt Cup. Sitting: Ian Williamson, T. M. Jenkins (captain), W. C. White (non-playing captain), E. D. Smith, R. B. Johnston. Standing: D. D. Wallace, T. Scott, J. Inches, A. B. Flockart, S. P. Williamson, A. C. Hunter

# EMMWOOD'S WESTMINSTER WARBLERS

(NO. 19)

A lively amphibian, whose characteristic bassoon-like song is occasionally varied by a triumphant yodel

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above off-white, crested with ornate hairlike growth of curly feathers, sable below; tufted above the eye-sacs and to the rear of the mandibles; beak small and curved, very useful for digging and delving, in which latter preoccupation the bird is most adept; mandibles blue; neck feathers stiff and starched; body feathers silky and peculiar to the species: the bird is able to doff or don these feathers at will. A most amusing contretemps occurs should it be caught in the act—or another bird's feathers; legs spindly and striped; feet leathery and black, capable of supporting the bird in an upright position for many hours. The bird is believed to be as much at home on the sea as on land; no reports have been made as to its performance when on the sea.

**HABITS:** The Chancery Chick is a great prattler and will stand on its bar—or perch—for many hours uttering its dulcet warblings; only an admonishing dig by an older beak will suffice to send the Chancery Chick fluttering away to ruminate amongst the many fusty Fals-de-Lal with which it lines its nest—or little sanctum. Although the bird is apt to be noisy its song is looked upon by many as being extremely valuable, or so one is led to believe by those who have had brief encounters with it. In spite of the Chancery Chick's noisiness it is a peace-loving little creature, as witness its many flights to the Mid-European Hinterland, where it engaged itself in thinning out the nastier birds that had threatened its nesting areas in this country.

**HABITATS:** Although the Chancery Chick may be seen fluttering about upon the anterior benches of Westminster, its favourite nesting places are the more antiquated pigeon-holes that are to be found secreted away in the older Temples of Chancery.



## The Great Crested Attorni Egret—or Chancery Chick

(Shalwaesaemlud-Slitleytolarbud)

## Scoreboard

**T**HIS mid-week the Australian cricketers move from Southend to Oxford, from bracing sea to sleepy air of river; from whelks and cockles and pink stick-jaw to avenues where "the plane whispers love to the elm" and you might come, unannounced, on old Nature herself.

From the Australian team that visited us after the first World War, only Arthur Mailey has come again, as writer, and, when the pencil twitches, humorous artist. Beyond this, he is pretty sure to be serving up some innocent leg-breaks to innocent batsmen in a few matches unreached by print, untouched by care. He will wear "sneakers," and an individual hat. Twenty-eight years ago, he took 36 wickets in one Test series against England. In the next summer, Arthur came here as clearer-up-in-chief of any bodies left over by Jack Gregory and Ted McDonald. Over thirty cricketers played for England in those five Tests.

**O**UR own match, at Oxford, was cut down to two days, because M.C.C. had not left the Australians a day's rest before the first Test at Nottingham. One Douglas Jardine opened the Oxford innings, and scored 35 and 96 not out. One Glasgow was given an early birthday present of three boundaries by Arthur Mailey, who then had him stumped by one

minute and two acres. Charlie Macartney made 77 as only he could, late-cutting half-volleys and driving long-hops. No one could equal him for wit and impudence. Against Nottingham, he scored 345 in under four hours. When he reached 200, he shouted to the pavilion for another bat—"the driving one," he told the Nottingham bowlers.

**T**HAT eminent left-hander Warren Bardsley wasn't playing against us, but appeared in the Cinema with a rather senior straw hat. It is good to know that it's not only in England that the past cricketers belittle the present. An Australian cricket-writer interviewed Bardsley a few months ago, and the old warrior said a blind man could make a hundred on the modern Australian pitches. It is amusing to note how, in the Australian-Oxford match of 1921, we undergraduates all had "Mr." in front of our names, in *The Times* and *Wisden*; the visitors were garnished with initials only; even Warwick Armstrong, who had played for Australia in the year I was born, against Mr. MacLaren's team. At Oxford, I called him "Sir," and he patted me on the head.



**I**N the most unlikely places heroes once talked and played. In Fleet Street, where once Dr. Sam Johnson argued and drank, clients now persuade the management to add another fiver to the overdraft. In Reading, not of itself a romantic city, one of the principal thoroughfares was once a range for mixed archery—"a finger to the left, my heart's desire; this plaguery wind has freshened." Visitors to the adjacent brewery have claimed to see a tall figure in green tights carrying a Genoese cross-bow and propelled by roller-skates. When spoken to, he never answers. In London's Dorset Square, once the home of Lord's, a voice is sometimes heard shouting: "Ten-to-one in crowns he's bowled next ball."

Cricket was not always the pure pastime of to-day, unsullied by the plebeian interruptions of turf accountants. And soon, as the building programme spreads—or does it?—blameless British housewives will sit and knit on the very spot where once a devotee of Association Football remarked: "That was never no goal, that wasn't, not on your flickering life, it RC: Robertson Glasgow wasn't never."



Elizabeth Bowen's

# Book Reviews

"Great Morning"

"To Tell My Daughter"

"A Wife's Tale"

"How to Scrape Skies"

"**G**REAT MORNING" (Macmillan; 15s.) is the third volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography. Following upon *Left Hand, Right Hand!* and *The Scarlet Tree*, the announcement of its appearance has been awaited as might be the sounding of a gong before yet another superb meal. This is a book to be opened with a salivary eagerness it will not disappoint. In autobiography our age has not been poor, but I am not sure that the majority of autobiographies have not been poor-spirited. Sir Osbert's is the reverse: it is high-spirited, full of feeling for the patina of experience, the bloom of life. It is—as writing of this kind should and must be—personal, but the handling of scenes and episodes, persons and years of time, has the disinfected touch of impersonality. This impersonality is, in fact, art.

Nobody who cannot get away from themselves should write about themselves: that is an iron rule. In this autobiography, we have the author's figure placed at a given distance down the perspective of a number of years. The figure always has background, a changing background whose constants are colour, shadow and depth. The colour, whatever at the moment it may be, reflects itself on the figure; the shadows from time to time overcast him. "I am a part"—as Tennyson made Ulysses say—"of all that I have seen."

And there is another factor which makes for the fascination of this third of three great books—though we know we are reading of what is distant (by a matter of several decades) in time, Sir Osbert appears to perform the service of handing us his field-glasses: not only every crease in a landscape but also every grain in a wallpaper, every vein in a leaf, every feather-mark in the iris of an eye stands out with almost supernatural clearness. One's own senses, therefore, record whatever may be the subject of Sir Osbert's writing with intimacy and surprise.

THE matter of *Great Morning* is a young man's youthfulness—youthfulness in a particular milieu, at a particular time, and in circumstances created by the particular characteristics of his family. We open in 1911, when the author was eighteen, and close within a month or two after the outbreak of the First World War. The secondary subject is, thus, the pre-war years—the pre-war years; for the darkening late 'thirties were to be nothing like them: that immune and glorious "such things do not happen" feeling was to be, after that 1914-18 crack across the surface, lost to us for good and all. The epoch studied in this book seems to offer itself ideally to Sir Osbert's pen—Edwardianism, having survived the King, persisted; simultaneously, there ran up those golden sands an incoming tide of new art, new susceptibility, new ideas.

Sir Osbert, in one chapter, "Before the War," typically sings the exhilarations of a young generation unconscious of being so soon to die. He pictures that immortalised Saki and Basil Hallam type, the nut. "The nut must be thin, clean-shaven but for a small, cut moustache, and have an air of concave and fatigued elegance, in this taking after his Dundreary grandfather rather than his father the swell. On the other hand, he had to dance with vigour and ease, in the new style." And next, the nut and his car:

Just as the swell had driven his tandem, so the nut essentially belonged, as much as a snail to its shell,

to the fast open motor of those days. This vehicle, so modern and of its time, induced in the young man a sense of being heir to all the ages, lord of all he passed by. . . . Moreover, mine was the first generation in which the young men were allowed to take their sweethearts for drives—only the fastest of actresses had driven in tandems. . . . They would sit together, the two of them, the man at the wheel, the girl beside him, their hair blown back from their temples, their features sculptured by the wind, their bodies and limbs shaped and carved by it continually under their clothes, so that they enjoyed a new physical sensation, comparable to swimming; except that here the element was speed, not water. The winds—and their bodies—were warm that summer. During these drives, they acquired a whole range of physical consciousness, the knowledge of scents, passing into one another with undreamed-of rapidity, the fragrance of the countless flowers of the lime trees, hung like bells on pagodas for the breeze to shake, changing into that of sweetbriar, the scent of the early mornings, and of their darkness, of hills and valleys outlined and tinged by memory; there was the awareness of speed itself, and the rapid thinking that must accompany it, a new alertness, and the typical effects, the sense, it might be, of the racing of every machine as dusk approaches, or the sudden access

less so. Comedy, with a dementing twist, has its root in the author's father, Sir George. Unchallengeable as the creative imagination of English novelists has—now, for two centuries—shown itself, not one of them could have invented such a character: life beat them to it. Of Sir George—ideally balanced by Henry Moat—the reader cannot have enough. That the difficulties now taken to be inherent in every father-and-son relationship were not made less, in this particular case, by the arabesques of Sir George's behaviour plus the still more tortuous arabesques of his view of the behaviour of other people, his son indicates. Something was more than laughable: sombreness, tragedy in the offing, can but and do indeed appear.

Variety, in *Great Morning*, is infinite. Sir Osbert Sitwell's wide range, as a human being, is enviable; his power to enclose this range in his writing is to be revered. Few can write with the same percipient familiarity about a ballet and a gamekeeper, reproduce the horrors of 1911 Aldershot, trace the trajectory of a witticism, paint for the eye the sprays of a growing flower. The high tempo of interludes at Renishaw, the Italian sojourns, and London pre-1914 social and æsthetic life, from the point of view of a young officer of the Grenadier Guards, posted to a battalion stationed at the Tower of London, are chronicled in this book. Reproductions of paintings by John Piper, and a number of photographs, illustrate *Great Morning*.

WITH Jean Curtis Brown's *To Tell My Daughter* (Rodney Phillips and Green; 8s. 6d.), we have, again, autobiography—not less true in feeling, deliberately small—as *Great Morning* is deliberately large—in range. This is, by the publisher's definition, a book about a childhood; it is also a curiously pure and unsentimental recollection of solitude, of a little girl pursuing her own path through the undergrowth of a grown-up world.

It has long been my opinion that the Edwardian decade was designed, or designed itself, for the grown-up: children, if not kept down (as the little Victorians used to be) were kept out—we Edwardian children were, mostly, born little hangers-on. The alternative was a saturnine independence—which Mrs. Curtis Brown seems to

have perfected. Virtually, she was an only child, her one sister being eleven years older. Her accounts of hours spent in her own society have the charm of absolute lack of comment. For instance:

My amusements in the garden were simple. Playing ball by oneself quickly palls, so usually on fine days I walked round and round the square of lawn; round and round, kicking at the gravel and pulling at the taller stalks in the borders; never changing my direction—up the small bank by the morning-room window—along the path by the pantry—down the bank again by the little washing-green and the flagpole—and so once again round the lawn. . . . By the end of the summer I had worn a bare path.

All the time I walked I told myself long sagas in audible whispers. . . .

Happily, there was no one to be looking out of a window with that inane adult rhetorical question, "Why aren't you doing anything?" Mrs. Curtis Brown's parents were busy people: she was "a daughter of the manse"—conspicuous and sometimes paralyzing position in



Westminster Bridge, a detail from a larger drawing of the subject by Canaletto. This reproduction appears in *Canaletto Drawings at Windsor Castle* (Phaidon Press; £1 5s.), by Dr. K. T. Parker, a magnificently complete volume which must be taken as the last word on the King's unrivalled collection of the Italian master's work as a draughtsman

on a hot evening of cool waves of air under tall trees: all these physical impressions, so small in themselves, went to form a sum of feeling new in its kind and never before experienced. Even the wind of the winter, at this pace snatching tears from their eyes, and piercing through their layers of clothes, was something their fathers had not known. The open car belonged to that day. No other generation had been able to speed into the sunset.

THAT the poetic and the historic sense should both be ever-active, and deeply, in the autobiographer, the above passage—as, indeed, many more in the book—reminds us. Not less to be prized are portraits of the *vieillesse dorée*. This author's sense of climate is not less acute in the drawing-room than in the open air. As in the two former volumes, we are given sweep after sweep of landscape; extensions of country whose features melt into not only hour and season, but the beholder's mood. And not only England: upon this third of the volumes Italy breaks, with the acquisition by Sir George Sitwell of the Tuscan castle, Montegufoni.

If the Montegufoni chapters are not more packed with comedy, curiosity and beauty than are the others, they certainly are not



Photograph by Baron

**SIR OSBERT SITWELL**, whose third volume of autobiography following *Left Hand, Right Hand!* and *The Scarlet Tree* has just been published under the title of *Great Morning*. It is reviewed by Elizabeth Bowen on the opposite page. Sir Osbert, who is the fifth baronet, succeeded his father, the late Sir George Sitwell, in 1943. His family, who are descended from the Saxon Earls of Northumberland, come from Derbyshire, and the name was originally spelt Cytewell. Among his many writings are *Before the Bombardment*, *The People's Album of London Statues*, *Miracle on Sinai*, and *A Place of One's Own*, which was filmed in 1941. Sir Osbert and his sister Dr. Edith Sitwell are going to the U.S. for a lecture tour in the autumn





## Baillie — Wise

Mr. Michael Evan Victor Baillie, elder son of the late Brig. the Hon. G. E. N. Baillie, M.C., and the Lady Maud Baillie, C.B.E., of Ballindarroch, Inverness, married Miss Elizabeth Ursula Forster Wise, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. F. Wise, of Winchester Court, W.8, and Findhorn, Morayshire, at the Cathedral Church of Saint Andrew's, Inverness

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



## Clarke — Herbert

Mr. Ralph Christopher Clarke, younger son of the late Mr. Clarke and of Mrs. Clarke, of Ewell, married Miss Lavender Joan Herbert, youngest daughter of Sir Alan P. Herbert, M.P., and Lady Herbert



## Koelle — Devitt

Capt. (S.) Harry Philpot Koelle, R.N., of Palace Street, London, son of the late Rev. Philpot Koelle and Mrs. Koelle, married Miss Elizabeth Ann Devitt, second daughter of the late Sir Philip Devitt and of Lady Devitt, of Cottesmore Gardens, London, W., at Saint Peter's, Eaton Square



## Warrender — Campbell

The Hon. John Warrender, elder son of Lord and Lady Bruntisfield, married Miss Ann Moireen Campbell, second daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Campbell, of Buntingford, Herts., at St. James's, Spanish Place



## Wilmot — Horner

Mr. Martyn Sacheverel Wilmot, elder son of the late Capt. S. D. Wilmot, R.A., and of Mrs. Wilmot, of Wayside, Rowledge, married Miss Mona Elizabeth Horner, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. M. Horner, of Dunelm, Trebor Avenue, Farnham, at the Church of St. Thomas-on-the-Bourne, Farnham



## Villiers — Bell

Capt. Anthony Villiers, son of Capt. Gerald Villiers, R.N. (retd.), and of Mrs. Villiers, married Miss Rosemary Bell, youngest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Bertram Bell, of Fota Island, County Cork, at Christ Church, Rushbrook, County Cork

# Gibson Girl 'Boaters'

SEEN IN BOND STREET  
AT FENWICKS . . .



"Roll-brim" Boater—in crisp straw, trimmed paint-box anemones, fine fluttery veil. White, navy, powder blue, natural, dusty pink, marigold, black. **55/6**



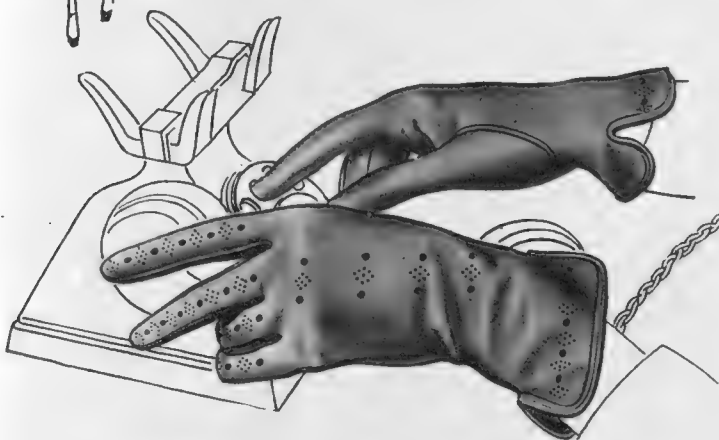
"Flat-brim" Boater—in fine felt, crisp grosgrain trimming, cobwebby veil to tie under the chin. Dusty pink, powder blue, oatmeal, tobacco, navy, black **35/6**

**Fenwick's**  
of Bond St.  
FENWICK Ltd. 63 New Bond St. W.1



## Charles Creed chooses Dent's Gloves

for this strictly *comme il faut ensemble*  
*militaire*. . . Thus a master completes  
a masterpiece.



Pique pattern—artfully attracting—graces the fingers  
and backs of these model gloves by DENT'S

## DENT'S GLOVES

Hand in Glove with Style for over 150 years

## FASHION FLASH

### Summarizing the *Summer Silhouette*

WHEN a silhouette change becomes an accomplished fact it is difficult to crystallize the point of view—to discriminate between the extreme and the accepted.

But our stylists take great care about this. *They say—and their view is tempered by experience, taste, and an uncanny insight into what women want—that while the whirling skirts of the "new look" silhouette is important, the exaggerated lines have not captured the whole*



*A white handbag is a must for Summer. This one is white washable plastic and costs only 48/-*

*fashion front! They have assembled a collection of summer frocks that are as original as they are wearable, frocks that are moderate and yet not monotonous.*

This lovely summer frock here is one from a very wide selection. The

soft cross-over bodice and slim straight skirt, with a bias cut peplum give a very flattering line. Three-quarter sleeves

make it so right for street wear. In fact, the frock has a two-piece air but takes only 7 coupons. The hip sizes are from 36 inches to 44 inches. In background colours of pastel blue, lime, pink and turquoise. Only £6.9.0.



*You'll always find the pick of the prettiest hats in our department. Here is a wide-brimmed navy straw to wear with summer frocks*

You'll simply love the clever clothes in the new Peter Robinson's All-on-One-Floor Fashion Shop. This floor has been arranged enticingly (and logically!) into departments that make your shopping twice the fun. There are coats, suits, frocks (with a special eye for Young Timers as well as women who feel dignified clothes must play an important part in their lives), also hats, handbags, stockings, gloves—all in Peter Robinson's Fashion Shop.

## peter robinson

ALL-ON-ONE-FLOOR FASHION SHOP

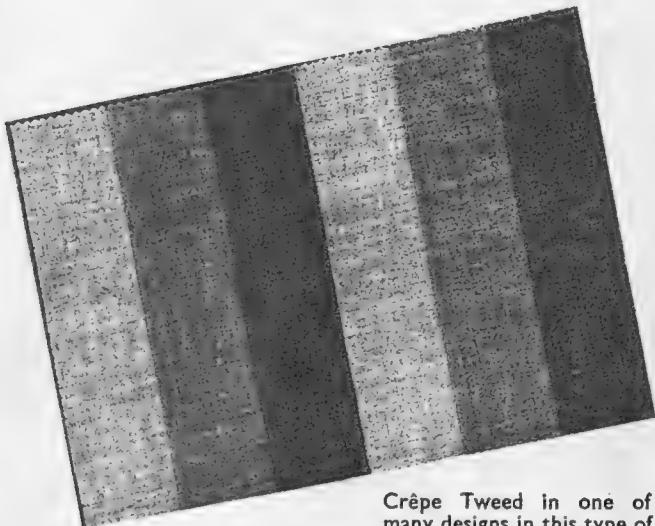
OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1



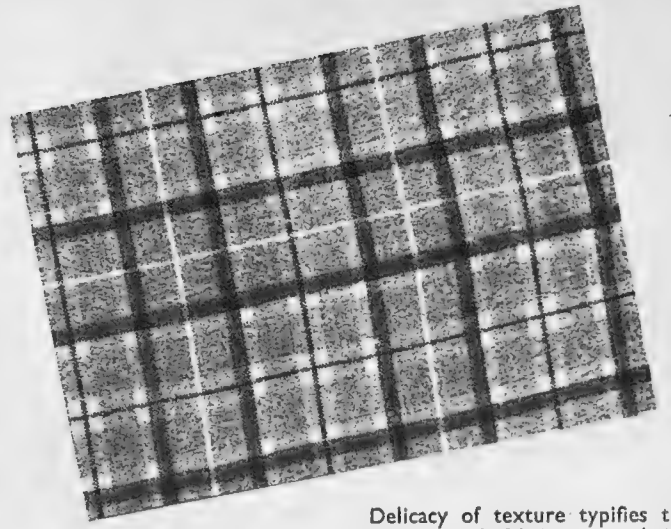
# STARRING WOOL



Summer suit for town in softest Crêpe Tweed. Elegantly simple with a jacket of plain grey and a skirt of matching striped fabric in gradated tones. Rima model



Crêpe Tweed in one of the many designs in this type of wool cloth, which can be teamed with plain, matching fabric to complete an ensemble. A Gardiner material from Harrods



Delicacy of texture typifies the finest wool fabrics now being produced in British mills. This Coleman fabric in a tartan design is as light as silk and as soft as down. At Harrods

## Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis



A dress of finest crêpe wool is teamed with a jacket of navy and pastel-pink stripes. Rima model from Fenwick's Model Room

Joysmith

## Luxurious Pleats

We have always been noted for our pleated skirts—the illustration shows a delightful skirt in rayon crepe having a variegated design in artistic blended colours. Predominating shades of Lupin Blue, Gold, and Hydrangea Pink. Sizes 38, 40 and 42. (4 coupons).

£5.14.3

Skirts — First Floor

**Debenham  
& Freebody**

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Langham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Lastex net Girdle styled by *Silhouette*, with downward stretch satin lustex panels back and front. "Trubenised" finish above the waistline ensures lasting control with comfort.

4 suspenders. Tea rose only. Waist sizes 25—30.

(3 coupons) £4.2.11

**Harvey Nichols  
of Knightsbridge**

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

SLOane 3440



NEWEST FORMULA FOR FLATTERY

## Ardena Vitamin Cream

If your skin is chiffon-thin, of mature texture, or traced with tiny surface lines, then you need the generous aid of Ardena Vitamin Cream. For this rich, luxurious cream is no ordinary emollient . . . its formula is a fascinating blend of ingredients beneficial to every type of complexion. Its effect is flattery . . . as it works to soften, smooth and refresh your skin. You will be delighted by its consistency, fragrance, and the beautiful results of its constant use. 20/9, 35/-

**Elizabeth Arden**

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1

NEW YORK

PARIS





- High-spotted for the wonder of a 5½ yd. hem.
- High-spotted for the crisp dickey easy to remove.
- High-spotted for the cool loveliness of white on a deep ground.

In Rayon Crepe

★ Look for the **HERSHELLE** label—



'NICOLL CLOTHES' (Wholesale only) 8, 9, 10 LOWER JAMES STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

H. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD

## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Faver

**Lt.-Col. Jeremy Peyton-Jones and Miss Rhona Wood**, who are to be married shortly at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Col. Peyton-Jones is the only son of the late Mr. Peyton-Jones and of Mrs. Peyton-Jones, of Wendover Dean, Wendover, Buckinghamshire and Miss Wood is the daughter of Mrs. Edmund Wood of Hengrave Hall Bury St. Edmunds, and of the late Mr. Edmund Wood



Dorothy Marshall

**Miss Pauline Elizabeth Pelly**, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Pelly, of Woodlands, Havant, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Anthony Welsford, only son of the late Mr. E. P. Welsford, and Mrs. Welsford, of Outlands Park, Weybridge



Whitlock, Cardiff

**Dr. Mary Lawrence**, only daughter of Mr. Vernon Lawrence, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Lawrence, J.P., of Greenover, Castleton, Cardiff, who is to marry Dr. K. D. Stewart, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stewart, of Oldham, Lancashire



Lafayette

**Miss Althea Mabel Ruggles-Brise**, only daughter of Mr. H. R. Ruggles-Brise, M.C., and Mrs. Ruggles-Brise, of Pilbury Hall, Great Yelden, Essex, who is engaged to Mr. Ernest Mackenzie Waller, Grenadier Guards, son of the late Mr. Ernest Waller, and of Mrs. Waller, of Inglaterra, Tangier



**Miss Ann Renwick**, elder daughter of Mrs. Margaret Renwick, of Rushers Cross, Mayfield, Sussex, and granddaughter of the late Sir George Renwick, Bt., who is to marry in July Major Alan Newstead Fradgely, M.B.E., Royal Engineers, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Fradgely, formerly of Littleton Pannel, Devizes, Wilts



*A*  
**Rolande**  
Original  
in fine crepe  
featuring the line of the moment  
From leading Fashion Houses

ROLANDE et CIE

(Wholesale) 6 Cavendish Sq., London, W.1 (Member of the Guild of Creative Designers)



*Meredith*  
COUTURE

IAN MEREDITH LTD. (Wholesale only), 18 Grosvenor St., London, W.1



*We prophesy that most*



*Hats and Gloves for Ascot*



*will be "All-White"*

**Hats**

White flower bandeau . £ 7.4.11  
White coarse straw . . £ 8.5.7  
White felt and net ruche £13.9.1

**Gloves**

White washable pull-on . . . . . £4. 5. 3  
Three-quarter length white washable doekin £2. 0. 8  
Elbow-length mousquetire white washable kid £5.12.10

Gloves 1 coupon per pair

Special attention  
to post and overseas  
orders

**MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE  
LONDON**  
The First Name in  
Fashion



Elizabeth Bowen's

## BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 214)

this district of a residential Cheshire town, on the Birkenhead side of the Mersey. Road upon road upon road does she conjure up, in her unaffected and lucent writing, rank upon rank of roof-lines of brick 1880 houses, grading in size and prestige. The atmosphere and the manners of this environment she has re-created for us, I consider, amazingly, just as she brings back to being the interior of her home. "The smells of my childhood were ivy and moth balls. The sounds were church bells, the squeaking of Mother's wardrobe door, and the fog-horns on the Mersey. On winter evenings their melancholy groan, entwined in the wind, would be part of my room. . . . They always gave me a slightly eerie feeling which was not unpleasant; there were not many eerie sounds in our house."

LOCAL society, eminently respectable and prosperous, stood four-square. Drawn from this, a little Court revolved round the eminent and popular Scottish Presbyterian minister and his wife. The adherence, their daughter tells us, was social no less than spiritual. "The place taken in modern life or in more sophisticated communities in that period by the political club, the public house, the country club, the golf course, was taken in our suburb of Fullerton by St. Peter's Church. Its members formed a closely united clique."

By picturing all of this, in a disengaged sidelong way, *To Tell My Daughter* lightly ranks as a document: time and place are always outside the windows, beyond the garden wall. Most of all though, to me,

the peculiar charm of the book is in its recalcitrances—beginning with the strong scene in the new wicker mail-cart. This is not merely childhood, it is a highly-individualized little girl, with whose own particular devices and frustrations one finds oneself, pleasurably, entangled. Also, Mrs. Curtis Brown can recollect every shade (and how seldom *are* these remembered!) of childish boredom. Her long-ago vacant hours, therefore, now bear fruit in several enchanting hours for the reader. In fact, if I may adapt one well-known definition of poetry, here is boredom recollected in amusement.

*A Wife's Tale*, by Sheila Alexander (Hamish Hamilton, 7s. 6d.), is a novel devoted to the sensations of a mother-to-be. These, exceedingly copious and detailed, are chronicled in language worthy (or not so worthy, according to how you look at it) of James Joyce. Singularly little is omitted—but what put me off chiefly (for I admit that lack of omission does somehow put me off) was the mawkishness of the heroine; also, I think, some failure of emotional propriety in the book. Perhaps, however, I

am merely complaining of un-Britishness—the authoress, I discovered after perplexedly reading the first few pages, is American.

I cannot, however, believe that all or even many young American mothers-to-be take on like our heroine Nessa. Nessa lives in a Mississippi city where the neighbours certainly are horrible to her—and no sooner has she gone away to stay with her uncle on the farm than her uncle dies. . . . This is a first

## EXPORT

Here at home would-be readers of THE TATLER may meet with difficulties in placing their order; but THE TATLER is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

EVERY summer on the "Backs" at Cambridge the Cambridge University Madrigal Society presents a unique entertainment.

In the peace of that summer evening at the back of King's College people gather both sides of the river. Many are sitting in boats or punts. Then the voices of the Madrigal Society echo down the river and across the green grass, and one knows that this is England, and that here for a few brief moments the world is at peace. Now they are singing Norfolk-born Wilbye's *Draw on Sweet Night*. The light begins to fade, but the singers do not tire, their voices are still fresh and sweet.

Sixteen of the madrigals have been recorded by His Master's Voice under the auspices of the British Council. They cover six twelve-inch records and are beautifully done. One has a feeling of perfect understanding between conductor Boris Ord and the singers themselves. Here is a set of records of which the British can be justly proud. (H.M.V. C. 3739-3744).

Robert Tredinnick

novel of, let me say, in the literary sense, distinction, were not its subject so heavy-weight.

A MERRIER and less fact-of-lifish view of America is to be gained from *How to Scrape Skies* (Wingate, 7s. 6d.)—in which we have the "United States explored, re-discovered and explained" by George Mikes, already author of *How to be an Alien*. Illustrations, once more, by Nicholas Bentley. These two, between them, polish off such subjects as "How to Get Gadget-minded," "How to Have Fun," "How to Shop," "How to Die," "Beware of Subways," "Manners," and many others, with a nice blend of acumen and frivolity. This is a book quit outside the British stock convention: Mr. Mikes is Hungarian. He finds Americans just about as funny as, but certainly no funnier than, he found us.

# Horrockses

REGD

the Greatest Name  
in Cotton

SHEETS • PILLOWCASES  
TOWELS • FLANNELETTES  
WINCETTES • DRESS GOODS  
SHIRTINGS • FURNISHINGS  
UTILITY FABRICS • ETC.



HORROCKSES, CRIWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

Lady  
in Black



FROM  
LEADING STORES



Wholesale & Export Only: THIRTEEN STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1

*Avoiding* *wilful waist*



Clever girls know that the lovely silhouette of in-the-fashion clothes needs a lovely shape beneath. And the Youthline 'Waspie' was first in the field, to give girls-who-know a handspan midriff without constriction. Be sure *you* get a Youthline 'Waspie'.

*Youthline 'Waspie'*

GIRDLES, CORSELETTES AND BRASSIERES BY W.B.

In very fine bouclé...

beautifully finished

inside and out



Crayson House, Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1. (wholesale only)



**WETHERDAIRE**  
(REGISTERED)

the Impeccable  
WEATHER  
COAT

If the cut could be copied and the tailoring matched, the coat would still remain exclusive, for the cloth is a special WETHERDAIRE weave

In limited supply from the finest shops

WETHERDAIRE LIMITED  
BRADFORD & LONDON  
WET WETHER WETHERDAIRE



*Finest  
Fur  
Felt*

**Tango**  
*Quality*  
**HEADWEAR**

A POST CARD TO  
**J&K CONNOR LTD** PRINCESS HOUSE, EASTCASTLE ST., LONDON W.1.  
WILL BRING THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST RETAILER

**KERFOOTS**  
MEDICINAL  
PASTILLES

based on the skill  
and experience of  
three generations



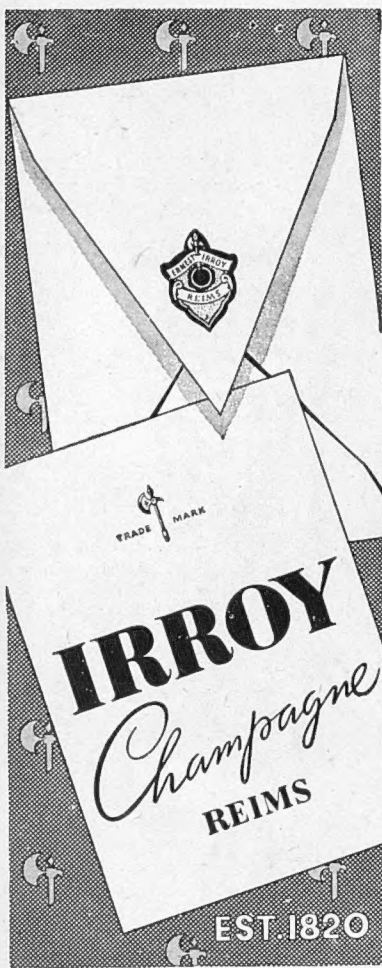
THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.  
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

**KYNOCH**  
of KEITH-SCOTLAND

**Tweeds**  
**Scarves**

KYNOCH,  
28 OLD BURLINGTON  
STREET, LONDON, W.1.





## Begone dull care . . .

"Let George do the worrying" is an adage worth considering in days when worrying forms one of life's major preoccupations. You can, with safety, wish your tailoring worries on to us at Bernard Weatherill. We can, in spite of the times, still show you some excellent pieces of cloth. Our craftsmanship remains in its accustomed position of supremacy and our delivery times are far more reasonable than you might imagine.



BY APPOINTMENT  
RIDING CLOTHES  
OUTFITTERS

# Bernard Weatherill Ltd

55 CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

11 BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM

and at Ascot and Aldershot



## DUFRAIS Special VINEGARS

Tarragon  
Garlic  
Chili



Elder  
Spiced  
Eschalot  
etc.

Made from Natural Herbs  
Matured in Genuine Malt  
Vinegar

AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE

DUFRAIS & CO. LTD.  
87, South Lambeth Rd.,  
London, S.W.8

## TAKE THE BROAD VIEW

## USE ROSS OR KERSHAW WIDE FIELD PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

ROSS "Steplux" 7 x 50 - £40.19.2  
ROSS "Stepnada" 8 x 30 - £25.18.2  
KERSHAW "Olympic" 8 x 30 £26. 4.11  
KERSHAW "Monarch" 10 x 40 £31. 0.0

All the above are centre focusing. All prices include Leather Case

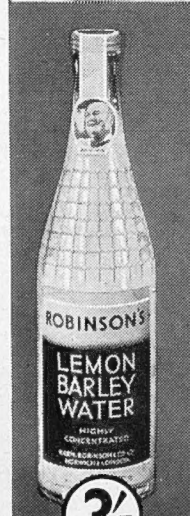
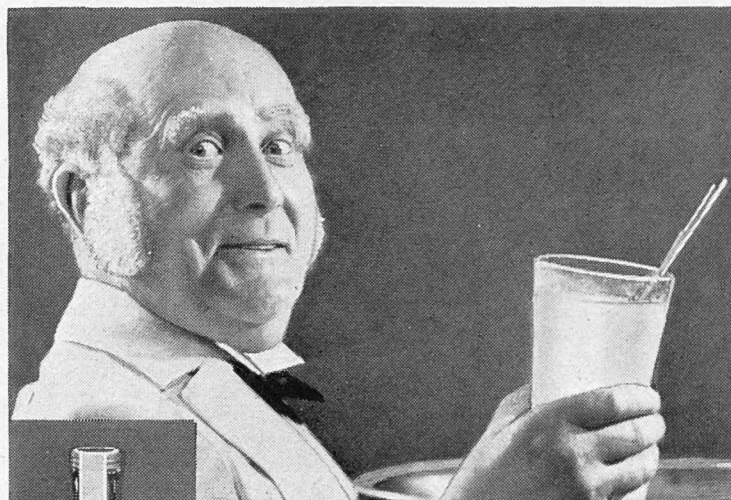
Four models selected from our large stock of New and Secondhand Glasses

Write for newly published Binocular Catalogue

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING  
SUPPLIERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT

## WALLACE HEATON LTD

127 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1  
Mayfair 7511



## HOW THEY'VE CLAMoured FOR IT!

says OLD HETHERS

It's been a sight for sore eyes, madam, to see the way they've enjoyed their Robinson's Lemon Barley Water, now it's back in bottles again. Young and old alike, you can't keep them away from it. Not that I'd think of trying, madam, not from a drink that does them so much good. Why, I can see the ladies' complexions improving already—that's what the barley does; cools and clears the blood. Granted, madam, mostly they drink it because they like it—that's the beauty of it.

# Robinson's LEMON BARLEY WATER

3/-





It's Captivating!

It's Scintillating!

It's Fascinating!

It's

*Tangee*

Many famous screen beauties of Hollywood acclaim Tangee Gay-Red the loveliest and most flattering lipstick shade. Also in Medium-Red, Theatrical-Red and Tangee Natural. And don't forget there's Tangee Face Powder, Rouge Vanity and Cake Make-up to complete beauty's ensemble.

**BEAUTY TRIUMPHS AT TANGEE'S TOUCH!**



"Mosedale" Calf—in Hazel, Green, Scarlet, Blue. Enquire by name  
In most good shoe shops.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI BY APPOINTMENT TO HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

G. B. KENT & SONS LTD.  
BRUSHMAKERS

## Beauty Secret..

The majority of women have the mistaken idea that if you brush a permanent or natural wave it is likely to straighten it and spoil the "set." Leading hairdressers in England and U.S. know that the more you brush a permanent or natural wave the longer it will last and the more it improves the hair and gives a glossy finish to the "set."

"Allure" Brush supplies now available at leading Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores

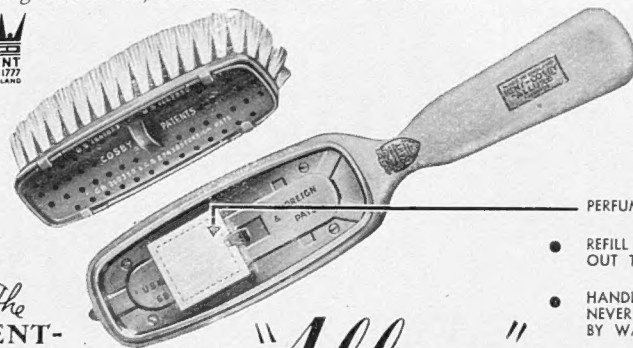


famous English Screen Star, agrees—The Kent-Cosby "Allure" perfumed hairbrush improves and beautifies the hair

*John West*



The  
**KENT-COSBY**  
(PATENT)



*"Allure"*  
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

PERFUME PAD

- REFILL TAKES OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRUSH BASE

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

G. B. KENT & SONS LTD., 24 OLD BOND ST., LONDON W.1.  
(WHOLESALE ONLY)

**W.B.**

*Melody*  
**WOOL**

Spun by Briggs  
at Beck Mills  
Clayton, Yorks

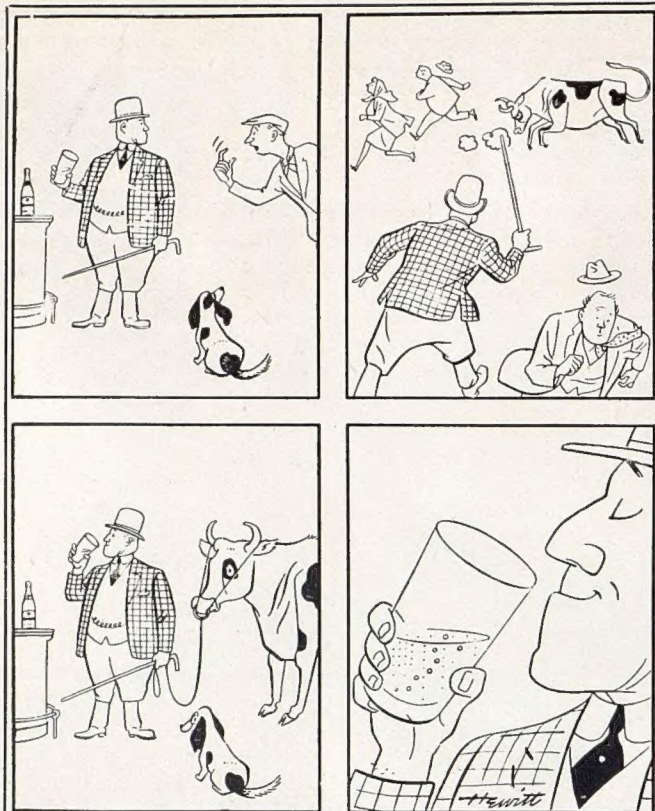


W.B. Good Wools are a guarantee of satisfaction. W.B. Melody 3-ply is one in this exclusive range.

Knitting instructions for this smart Diamond Rib Jumper are given in coloured Penelope leaflet No. M1273, price 4d. from your wool shop or if any difficulty in obtaining send 5d. to Penelope of

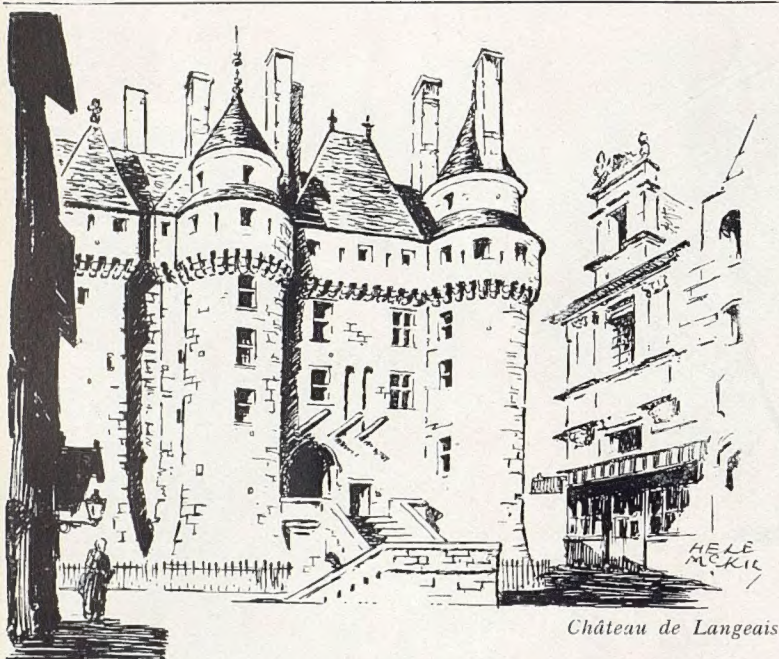
**Wm. Briggs & Co. Ltd., 34 Cannon St., Manchester 4.**  
The HOME of PENELOPE TRACED NEEDLEWORK and BRIGGS TRANSFERS.





**schweppervescence**

*lasts the whole drink through*



Château de Langeais

**Your £ now goes further in France**

Off the beaten track—in the valley of the Loire, the Dauphiny, the Auvergne and the Dordogne—there is so much to see and so much to do—all the year round.

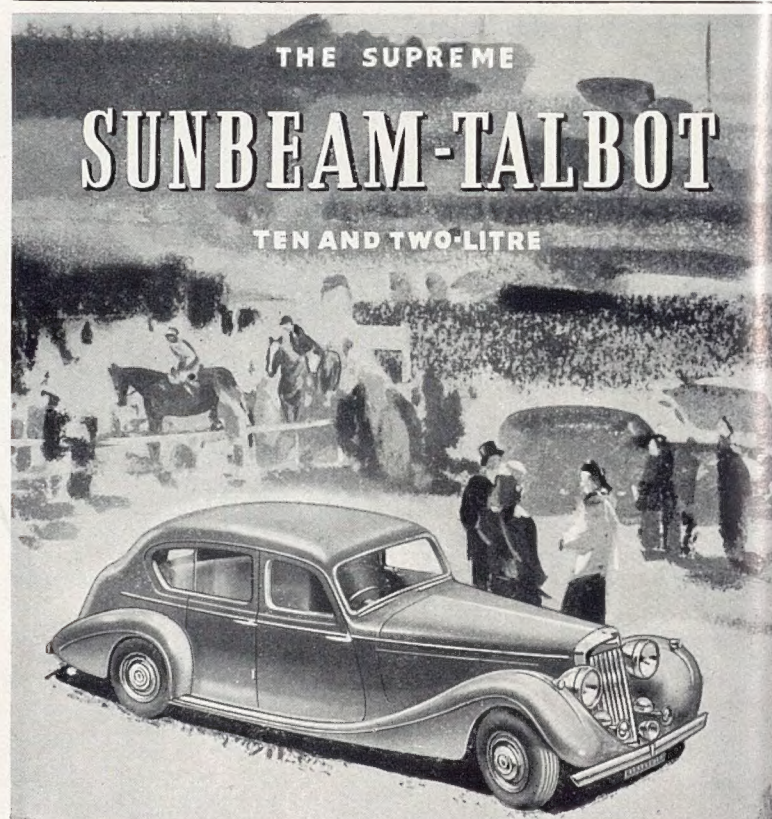
# France

For further information apply to any Travel Agent or the French National Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.



## du MAURIER

FILTER — TIPPED



**AMONG THOSE PRESENT . .** Wherever the Sunbeam-Talbot goes, it is the centre of attraction . . its swiftness in traffic, its sparkling performance on the open road, and its elegance all mark it as an exclusive car.

**PRODUCTS OF THE ROOTES GROUP**